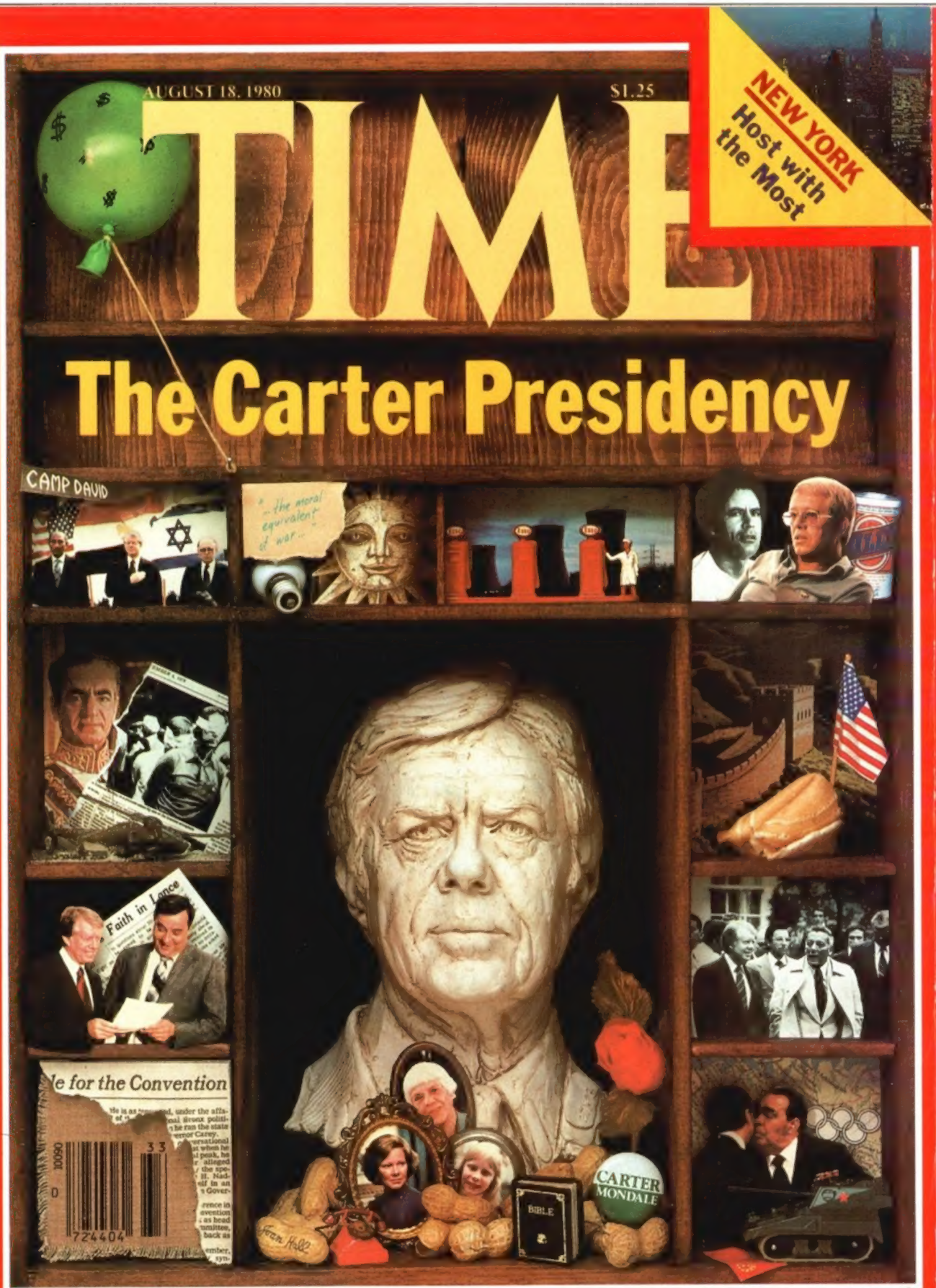
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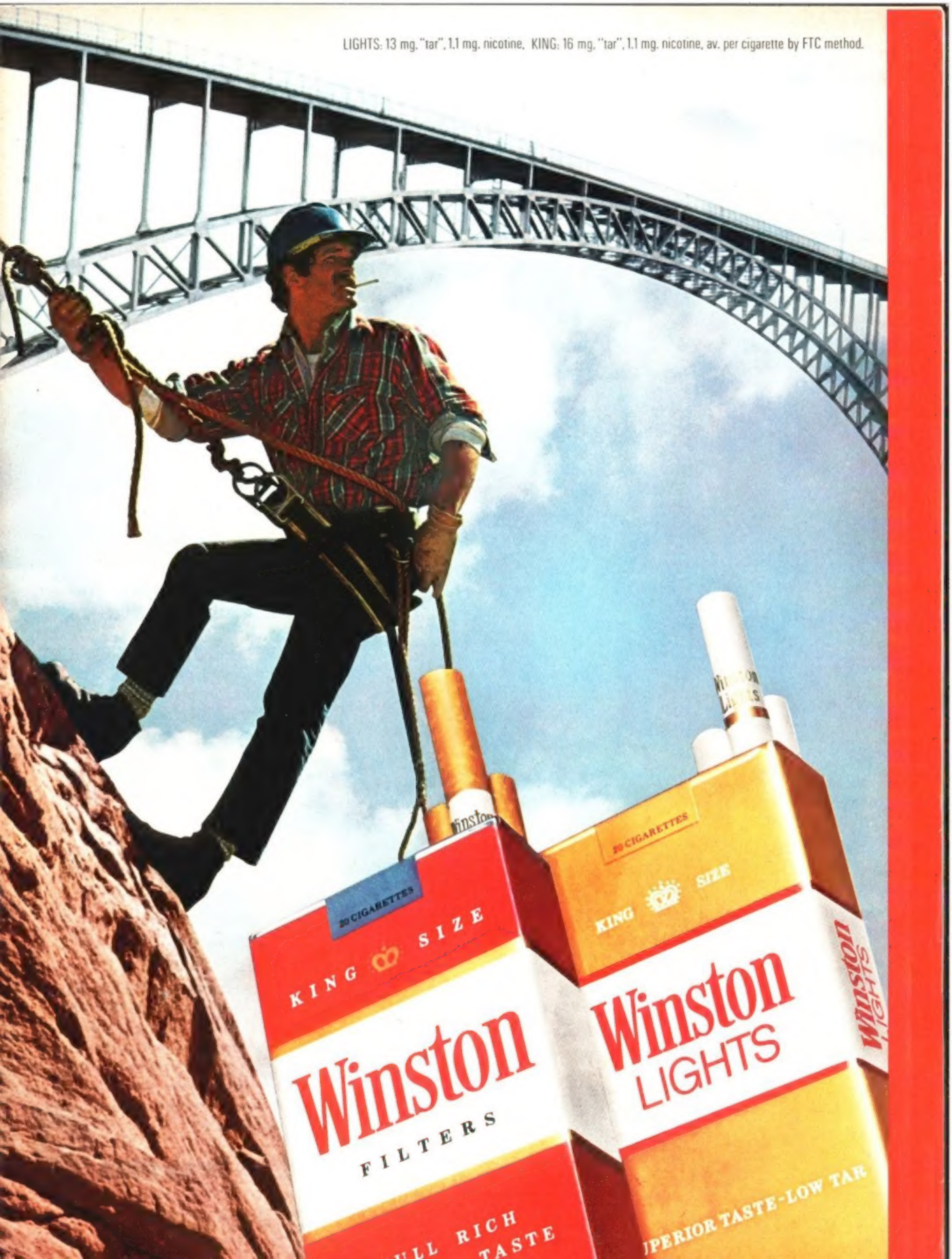
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AUGUST 18, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 7 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Hugh Sidey has been reporting from the nation's capital for TIME since 1958, first as a correspondent, then as Washington bureau chief and, since 1978, as Washington contributing editor. His column, "The Presidency," which he once wrote for LIFE, has appeared in TIME's Nation section since 1973. He has been a witness to the triumphs and travails of six Presidents. For this week's cover story assessing the Carter years, Sidey drew heavily on those experiences —and more. "I got caught up with Charles de Gaulle's memoirs again," says Sidey. "Richard Nixon once introduced me to him in Paris. What a master De Gaulle was at sculpting public opinion, at understanding the moods of the people. He remains a great mentor for the world in the leadership business." Additional insights came from President Harry Truman, by way of Rosalynn Carter, whom Sidey interviewed for the story. "She had been reading his memoirs and had come up with a favorite quotation: 'Any schoolboy's afterthought is worth more than the forethought of the greatest statesman.' I think she was trying to tell me something, but with a smile."

THE WHITE HOUSE

Hugh Sidey, armchair historian, sizes up his sixth President

Sidey reports that the most fun he had while getting acquainted with the earlier Presidents was discovering that Herbert Hoover was an ardent, and articulate, fisherman. "My reporter-researcher, Cassie Furgurson, found a tiny volume by Hoover, called *Fishing for Fun*. Perhaps President Carter has also discovered the book, because he has recently become an avid fisherman. Hoover wrote: 'Fishing is a chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush of the brook, or with the shimmer of the sun on the blue water.' It sounds so quieting and gratifying that I may take it up myself."

Of his experiences writing this week's story, Sidey says: "The work was shoe leather and phone. A call to Bob Strauss [chairman of the Carter-Mondale campaign] is always like plugging into General Headquarters, U.S.A. He has always just come away from a meeting with the President or John Connally or God. The story also took some long, tough hours of reading and thinking. But for the most part it was a lovely journey with old and new friends." The story includes, by the way, some fishing news.

John a. Meyer

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Letters

G.O.P. Choices

To the Editors:

After watching Ronald Reagan perform marvelously in Detroit [July 28], we Americans can clearly see that he is a sensitive and intelligent man who sincerely believes that our nation's finest days are not buried in the past, but lurking just around the corner.

John A. Heldt
Pendleton, Ore.

It makes perfect sense. Hollywood has given us our hopes, dreams and expectations, so why not our next President?

Don Cox
Philadelphia

Reagan's selection of Bush as his running mate may be a "clear signal that he wants to broaden the G.O.P. base." Unfortunately, Mr. Reagan's idea of broadening the base is to allow moderates and liberals to share his point of view.

Don Joyner
Miami

Had Governor Reagan not probed the possibilities of a Reagan-Ford ticket, I would have considered him an unwise man. Think of the wealth of experience Ford would have provided.

Louie R. Carrillo
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

A Bush in the hand is better than two Fords in the garage.

Kenneth C. Stadden
Lancaster, Pa.

I may not support Ronald Reagan, but I cast my vote for the Reagan kids for First Family. They are bright, articulate, attractive, and have minds of their own.

Larry Bauer
Cleveland

After watching the TV coverage of the Republican Convention, I think the G.O.P. should demand equal time with that given to Cronkite, Chancellor, Rather, Utley, Brinkley, Walters, Brokaw, *et al.* I'm surprised we were permitted to hear all of Reagan's acceptance speech.

Marge W. Dewey
Greenfield, Wis.

Uncle Sam Wants Your Name

Since so much fuss was and is being made about registering for the draft [July 28], let's start a new system whereby all men under, say, 45 who feel that a peacetime draft is imperative would go to the post office and give a written commitment to join our military if the Government should deem it necessary. This solution would stop complaints from our 19-and 20-year-olds and would give the older men a chance to prove again their deep devotion to this country.

Dean Solov
Columbia, Mo.

I, as an American female, should have the right to fight and die for my country.

Lynn Hanson
Flaxton, N. Dak.

All draft protesters know how to say is "stand up for your rights." Well, by God, if they want their rights, they had better be willing to fight for them.

Steven M. Faulkner
Tipp City, Ohio

Motherhood Myth

Having worked for the past ten years with parents who maltreat their children, I find it refreshing to hear another voice denounce the great lie, "maternal instinct" [July 28]. Unfortunately, our society has convinced too many young women that their only reality is motherhood, and that there is some mysterious instinct that will show them how to be good parents.

When this fails to happen, the same society sets out to punish the mother for her "maternal failure," labeling her a child abuser.

Patricia Wood, Director
Blosser Home for Children
Marshall, Mo.

For a professor of philosophy, Elisabeth Badinter's logic is appalling. The fact that the women she studied displayed no maternal instinct does not in any way imply that the instinct is a myth. It just as easily, and more believably, implies that the women in that subgroup were subjected to social pressures that overrode their maternal instinct.

Nancy Silver Cochran
Ithaca, N.Y.

Friendship's Fascination

I feel obliged to make a historian's observation on your fascinating Essay on friendship and patriotism [July 21]. Loyalty to friends is as old as mankind. Loyalty to the nation-state is a recent phenomenon, and will undoubtedly change with history. They are no more to be compared than religion and politics.

David Borbridge, S.J.
Seattle

One need not mull over the so-called friendship with France. In foreign policy the only motivation is national interest, not altruism or friendship. French aid in the Revolution, much propagandized in filiopietistic textbooks and parroted by our press, was in the best interests of a France set on vengeance against England.

Vera Laska
Weston, Mass.

No mention was ever made of the wellspring of friendship—respect.

Ethel Ames Sagen
Bakersfield, Calif.

Deadwood's Housing Crisis

In the article "Deadwood's Defunct Houses" [July 28], you quote Thomas Blair, supporter of "the anti-whorehouse drive," as saying: "I'm not going to legislate my morality on someone else, but I don't want anyone legislating their immorality on me." Mr. Blair seems to confuse permitting immorality with legislating it, as though the law could require him to patronize a house against his wishes. He manifests a tendency, increasingly common among Americans, to equate choice with compulsion.

William D. Nolan
Indianapolis

I am glad to see our law-enforcement officers getting so tough on "crime." When will our lawmakers have enough sense to legalize prostitution in houses where it is safe for girl and customer alike?

Mario Valceschini
Nevada City, Calif.

Picking on the Lilies

You say Ronald Reagan "masterlily" delivered his convention address. Tiger lilies, yes. Water lilies, of course. But wonder of wonders, we also have master lilies. There just is no end to the joyous prolificalily of this lovely species.

Clifford Ware
West St. Paul

I think that I shall never see
A word more awkward than
"masterlily."

Norma Lent
Lafayette, Calif.

Awkward it may be,
But Webster finds it sturdy
as a tree.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

In Arizona: "A City Has to Be Built"

When seen from the exit leading off Interstate 17, 73 miles north of Phoenix, it shimmers in the summer heat, a mirage-like vision that somewhat resembles parts of battlestar *Galactica* crash-landed in the desert. *Arcosanti*. The name alone suggests hallucination. It is derived from arcology (architecture concerned with ecology) and *cosanti* (Italian for "thing before"). An engineer showing off the unfinished structure's apses and arches proudly describes it as "the city of the future taking shape in the state of the past."

The idea behind Arcosanti is beguilingly simple: since cities shape society, they should be constructed in ways that accelerate human development. "We can't go back to nature," says Paolo Soleri, 61, the Italian-born architect who is Arcosanti's prime mover and chief guru, by way of exhorting the band of vagrants, zealots and children of the '60s who have followed him into the desert. The city, Soleri argues, is a necessary tool for nudging the human spirit toward the "omega point," a state of highly evolved consciousness. Humanity's enemy is urban sprawl. The Soleri solution: a metropolis built in the country, and rising up rather than spreading out.

LUCE STEPHENSON

The would-be desert metropolis: construction in progress, slowly, at Arcosanti

What Soleri has planned is a self-sufficient city for 5,000 people spread over 15 acres and housed under one enormous glass roof. There will be a 25-story-high complex for both apartments and light industries turning out furniture, textiles and other products, as well as shopping centers and parks. Both solar heat and the food for a heavily vegetarian diet will come from a 4½-acre complex of greenhouses attached to the city's southern flank. While Arcosanti will have only about two-thirds the area of Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, it will be set in 4,000 acres of Arizona wilderness, riverbed and valley owned or leased by a foundation set up by Soleri.

Arcosanti, through a technology not yet developed, is to be largely solar powered. No cars, no prisons and no cemeteries will be permitted. Skeptical visitors are assured by bubbly tour escorts that the city will indeed be built, and will produce the best of all possible worlds, urban life in a rural setting. Guide Ann Whitehill, 23, earnestly tells a tour group, "In the finished city there will even be pizza parlors." "And neighbors who are friends," adds Ralph Kratz, 42, a civil engineer on the Arcosanti staff. Indisputably, the project has already become established as one of the more curious vessels into which individuals intent on finding somehow, somewhere, a better life, might pour their hopes.

After ten years of work, Arcosanti is only 2% finished. With reason. A visitor stopping by at sunset wonders whether the dungareed construction crew, numbering fewer than 100 and now lounging around the grounds sipping beer, could get themselves organized enough to erect a Meccano set version of the Eiffel Tower. But Arcosanti's supporters are unconcerned that the city could take anywhere from 20 to 200 years to complete, depending on finances. "Look how many hundreds of years it took to build Chartres," says Riney Bennett, 26, a Stanford-educated civil engineer. "Arcosanti will be built, but without money it will take time."

Ranchers and other neighbors complained about the project in the early '70s, when some of Soleri's liberated female workers decided to toil away bare-breasted, and "every trucker on Interstate 17 found some reason to stop at Arcosanti." Stories about drugs and skinny-dipping in nearby Lynx Lake upset the many religious fundamentalists in a state where billboards proclaim that "the wages of sin is death."

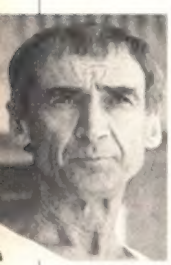
But Arcosanti is no hotbed of radicals plotting the downfall of capitalism. Rather, the project has gone the way of the nation: as conservatism and conformity became acceptable on campuses again, earnest and clean-living Outward Bound types began to outnumber the laid-back dopers at the desert construction site. Says Volunteer Terry Kearns: "They told us if we had to smoke dope, they had better never see us do it. It's like ninth grade all over again."

Soleri's disciples are mainly white, middle class and college educated. Many come from what they call "a small California college," which often turns out to be Stanford. Though they take communal meals and share a withering scorn for "obvious suburbanites," these principled individuals are only quietly radical. "Arcosanti is based on solid middle-class values," says Scott Riley, 27, a former "small college" student. "We don't object to sitting around Sundays reading the New York *Times*, but we refuse to get caught up in working umpteen hours to pay for a nice car to go to the store to buy that paper." Presumably, in the best of all possible cities, the paper will be delivered.

Keeping both the dreams and the drudgery going is the extraordinary task, and achievement, of Soleri. Though Soleri seems simple and humble, Arcosanti's "workshoppers," as his volunteers call themselves, regard him as a genius, evidently because of his preoccupation with things spiritual. When he first came to the U.S. from Turin 33 years ago, he was regarded as a builder with panache and promise. But he has had few commissions in three decades. "I have not been properly used," he insists. One Arcosanti worker says that Soleri is the only architect around today better known for what he has not built than for what he has.

But like Providence, Soleri works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

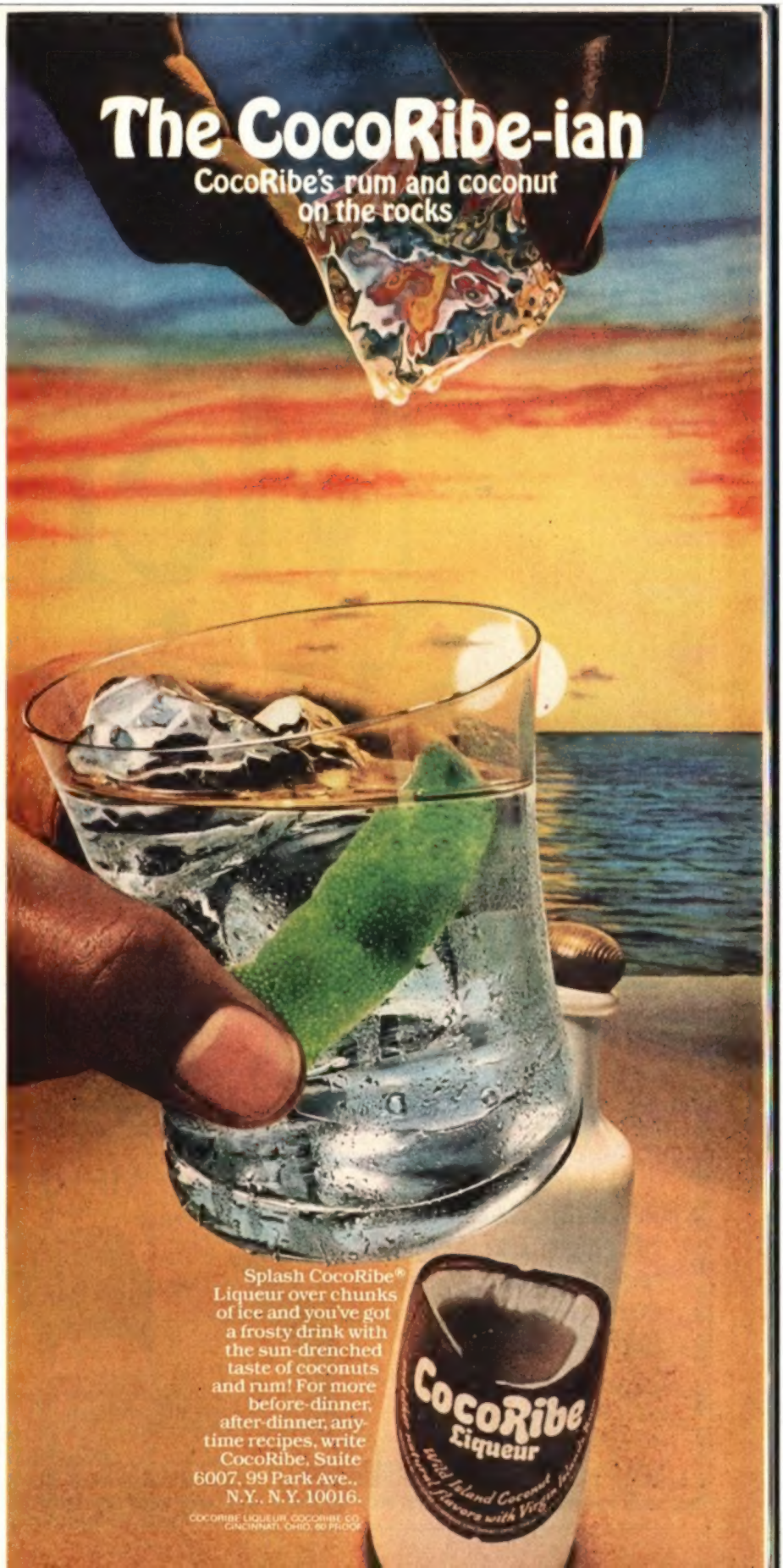
He operates within a paltry budget of $250,000 a year, most of which comes from his books and lectures, the sale of bells made on the site, and the $300 fees paid by those who come to toil on the project for a five-week workshop period. Those who stay longer get put on the payroll at $35 a week; and a few "Frank Lloyd Wright Scholars" attend free in exchange for manning the kitchens, a reminder of Soleri's own apprenticeship at Wright's Taliesin West. Yet for all the frailty of Arcosanti's finances, Soleri has been able to maintain outside interest in his project for a decade. The mystique of his eclectic, quasi-religious creed, cribbed from sages as different as Matthew Arnold and Teilhard de Chardin (whose name will be on a huge cloister planned for Arcosanti), draws hundreds of visitors from around the world to the site each year. Many of them come to try out as children of the Arcosanti dream.


Paolo Soleri

Those who do stay for what one workshopper calls a chance to make a "one-inch contribution to mankind" begin their mornings at 5, when they and Supervising Architect Tony Brown, 43, decide how the day is to be spent. At present, the crew is building the foundations for Arcosanti's East Crescent, a residential and theater complex. While the blueprint reading and the blasting are entrusted only to experienced hands, workshoppers do the heavy jobs like pouring concrete. "We were flower children," says Maria Gonzalez, 30, "and we had our vague ideas about praying and meditation and 15,000 relationships. But most of us have grown up now, and what is happening here is just plain hard work. A city has to be built."

Arcosanti receives periodic pummelings from discontented workshoppers and journalists. Soleri and his group shrug them off. Their commitment to the future certainly seems sincere. They are people who want to be part of something big and good and natural. Each year they celebrate the solstices and the equinoxes with all the abandon of 18th century English villagers gamboling round the Maypole on May Day. It was during one of these festivals that a cast-aluminum figure of Icarus was hung from the top of a 34-ft. vault, where it remained for many months. The symbolism was perhaps unintended, but telling. The ambitious reach of these solar-crazed Soleri followers still far exceeds their grasp. "I only hope Arcosanti will be finished before I pass on," Jeff Charroin, 20, says earnestly. Adds Ann Whitehill: "Maybe it will never be built, because we'll probably all be blown up before then. But at least at Arcosanti, we're going down with our heads high."

And maybe with wings just a bit sunburned. —*By D.L. Coutu*



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Nation

TIME/AUGUST 18, 1980

Assessing a Presidency

Carter remains what he always was: an outsider and an enigma

TIME *Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey has been reporting on the White House ever since Dwight Eisenhower's second term 23 years ago. Here, on the eve of the Democratic Convention, he reviews the presidency of Jimmy Carter.*

The stately old East Room of the White House, which has managed to maintain its dignity through the drying laundry of the John Adams family, the gallons of lemonade poured by the abstemious Lucy Hayes and the baleful exit of Richard Nixon, witnessed another extraordinary event last week in the long and colorful caravan of presidential history.

Jimmy Carter, the 38th man in this procession, went somberly and with weighted shoulders before the television cameras (nudging out *M*A*S*H*) to spend an hour attempting to untangle himself and his Administration from the clumsy conniving of his brother Billy for Libyan oil and a vision of millions in commissions.

It was the best of Carter, a profoundly caring man, loving his brother through stress, as honest as a political human knows how to be, skillfully projecting his concern from his electronic stage to an estimated 65 million Americans. He was forceful in his conviction of his own rectitude and a master of every detail in the intricate caper of Billy, the wily and greedy buffoon.

And it was the worst of Carter, the President. Rarely in the past 3½ years have we seen the President so focused and eloquent on a problem—a problem that never should have been, and even now should be relegated to the lawyers who love to niggle. In a world that is stalled and frightened, with only a handful of men and women wielding the power to address the malaise, Jimmy Carter, as so often in his stewardship, confused his personal and political concerns with his larger duties as President. While most Americans surely felt admiration for Carter the man, there hovered in the background those dark clouds of doubt about his leadership that were reflected in the question by CBS's Lesley Stahl, "How do you think you got into this big mess?" He never seemed to understand why this was the real question—and the implications of his failure to answer it.

West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt once broke into tears in the presence of a friend, so distraught was he over his conviction that Carter did not grasp his true responsibility as leader of the U.S. The world drifts toward war, believes Schmidt, with Carter uncomprehending. The same sentiment echoes from Asia, where Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew finds Carter's vision "a sorry admission of the limits of America's power." An official of Moscow's Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada complains: "What drives us crazy about Carter is his ca-

preciousness, his constant changing of the points of reference in our relationship." Following this summer's economic summit meeting in Venice, a participant observed: "Mr. Carter cannot merely keep declaring himself the leader of the free world; he must demonstrate that capacity."

When Jimmy Carter stood before the 1976 Democratic National Convention and pledged "new leadership," he had never met a Democratic President or slept in the White House. The presidency was a legend from books, the Federal Government a classroom exercise, and Washington was a distant citadel of power that somehow had been corrupted by its residents. "It's time for the people to run the Government," Carter told his audience in that moment of warm, rising hope that filled New York's Madison Square Garden.

After greeting a Democratic President in the bathroom mirror every one of 1,299 mornings and sleeping in the White House at least 700 nights, Carter has indeed brought the nation a new kind of leadership. It is at least one promise that he kept among the 600 that he made during his remarkable march to the Oval Office.

But if Carter's years have been a true return to Government by popular will, filtered through the mind and ear of this earnest troubadour of the town meetings and televised press conferences, therein lies a huge and unexpected irony. The people do not like their own political creation.

Never in modern history has a President fallen to such murky depths in the national affection. George Gallup, the dean of the opinion samplers, who has been measuring voter sentiment since 1936, found just 15 days ago that Carter had only 21% approval, eclipsing Richard Nixon's 24% and Harry Truman's 23%, the other lows. In the data that Pollster Louis Harris has assembled is even worse news. On no single issue surveyed does Carter have a majority of voters who stand up and say they like him. Question the American people now about the hostages in Iran, our approach to the Soviets, the U.S. economy or unemployment, and they say that Jimmy Carter has failed them.

"He is like the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*," sighed a Democratic Party official who has helped Carter over these years. "He is disappearing into the trees, and there is nothing left but the smile."

And, yet, he may not disappear. The complexities of this time in politics and the singular forces at work in the world may join to give Carter the four more years he now covets so much. In fact, he possibly could be ready to become the leader he has not been. It also could be too late for all that. By almost every measure of the opinion polls and also by precinct explorations of intrepid reporters, the message clatters in from sea to shining sea: this election is for Ronald Reagan to lose. And Jimmy Carter made it that way.

In a trade that is lubricated by conviviality and depends on the intimate knowledge among friends accumulated over a lifetime, Carter remains a perplexing figure, self-contained and often unfathomable. It may be that even after 3½ years in office the Carter presidency ultimately is founded on the judgment of six people: Carter and his wife Rosalynn, Attorney and Friend Charles Kirbo, Political Strategist Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell and Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat. There are many other influential people around the President, of course, such as Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler and Pollster Patrick Caddell. But for the final balancing of major policy decisions, there is no higher or more potent tribunal than the President and those five original Georgians. One day when Carter was chairing a National Security Council meeting on Iran, and he had been hesitant on some of the options laid before him, he excused himself for a few minutes to take a call from Rosalynn, who was out campaigning. When he left, Jordan looked around the table, rolled his eyes and said, "Boom, there goes Iran." That was Jordan's hyperbole, but Carter's visibly toughened stance, once he was back in the meeting, was pure Rosalynn.

There has been no room for anyone else in this select fraternity. The crusade of the Georgians had been against Washington, bigness, sin in public places and institutions as viewed and defined from Plains. Carter no longer wages war against

the deductible three-martini lunch, but he has never reconciled himself to those who indulge. Nor is there any evidence that he has ever gone off secretly to contend, over dinner, with the forces of Washington outside the White House. "Carter is alone in this city," says a former Democratic Party official who worked for Lyndon Johnson. "Not a single Senator and very few members of the House have stood up for him. He does not have friends in other areas." This man recalls how L.B.J. once hustled off to Georgetown to sell his Great Society to a collection of reluctant corporate executives. Johnson ate and drank with gusto, told stories, recalled almost every person's name from old encounters, removed his coat and straddled a chair backward, and explained for hours his grand vision of abolishing poverty and giving every child in the U.S. a chance to thrive.

"The Georgians gloried in being outsiders," says a former Carter Cabinet officer about the inner White House circle. "They never understood—and do not today—that if you are going to govern, then you have to reach out." A couple of years ago, when trouble for Carter's programs was developing on the Hill and it was apparent that the gap between Congress and the White House was widening, Carter was urged to select certain compatible Senators and Congressmen and get to know them over dinner or at other social occasions. Maine's then Senator Edmund Muskie was viewed as an important figure who could mesh with the President. Yet Carter balked for weeks, reluctant to court someone from the world of the Capitol hideout and the burble of good bourbon used nightly "to strike a blow for liberty."

Finally, Carter yielded. The Senator and his wife Jane were asked to dinner. The results were startling. Ed Muskie proved to be warm and reasonable, even in disagreement. "The most wonderful dinner I've ever had," said Carter later. Jane Muskie was a bit surprised over the President's enchantment, since such affairs have always been a vital part of official life. The Muskies were asked back to dinner, and one day the Senator told his staff, "I don't want to hear any more anti-Carter talk." When Jimmy Carter needed a new Secretary of State, he did not have to think very long. He called up a man he knew, Ed Muskie, who accepted eagerly. But there was only one Ed Muskie.

The President and his people learned the names of the congressional players and they went through all the traditional routines of breakfast, lunch and massed receptions. Power, however, is a very personal thing. It works on subtlety and nuance. It is in the end a matter of caring. And it is a matter of years and years of listening, thinking and adjusting. The Carter White House never could come to believe in Congress or its odd rituals. The leaders of both houses now stand at arm's distance or worse. Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill, who will chair the Democratic Convention, is hesitant about Carter. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, who was overlooked for a major role in New York, let his displeasure loose in a bitter criticism of the President's handling of the Billy Carter affair.

Describing the nation's problems and the world's ills is one way the Carter crew answers its critics. No less a doubter than former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger declares that the President is not responsible for the growth of Soviet military power, which has neutralized our own; the decline of American political authority because of Viet Nam and Watergate; the conditions that led to the revolution in Iran; the growing self-assertion of the industrialized allies; and the energy squeeze. Carter has not fragmented the Congress or created the fierce independence of its individual members. The wealth and power of the lobbies and their ability to thwart legislation was a fact before Carter got to town. American productivity had run into problems years ago, and Big Government had been on the lips of an anguished majority for even longer

Carter's record of achievement is not a bare cupboard. There is civil service reform, airline, trucking and financial institutions deregulation, the Panama Canal treaties, restored relations with China, the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, and a commendable energy program on the books. As a symbol of personal integrity and candor, he is undimmed. A majority of Americans probably would still endorse most of the ideas he set forth in his first euphoric weeks, ideas for tax reform, national health care and Government reorganization. For the most part, Carter's farm program was a wonder, expanding exports and raising prices and farm income. He has increased the military budget, put the new MX missile system in planning, leap-frogged a new manned bomber to develop the cruise missile and persuaded NATO to make significant increases in arms and readiness.

Yet Carter is today a political cripple both at home and abroad because the larger issues have swamped him. Inflation and interest rates have doubled in his time. The true anguish at

home, as described by Patricia Harris, Secretary of Health and Human Services, is among members of the middle class, who are far from deprivation but find themselves losing ground economically. Their fear is directed at Carter. Overseas, Soviet influence massed and grew and almost everywhere shoved a clumsy and reluctant U.S. against the wall. "We feel," says Raymond Aron, the distinguished French student of *Realpolitik*, "that American power is in decline. It is that simple and that unfortunate." It is, for instance, one of Kissinger's views that Americans are beginning to reproach themselves and Carter because the U.S. did not take dramatic action to resolve the Iranian hostage crisis when it first occurred. The public wanted nothing done then, but now is blaming the President for failure to act against popular will. That may be another manifestation of what has gone wrong on Jimmy Carter's watch. In his own inexperience and uncertainty, the President could not define a mission for his Government, a purpose for the country and the means of getting there. Former Secretary of the Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal confided to friends after he was fired that at first he thought Carter's long pauses during economic discussions were periods of thought. Later he decided they came from Carter's inability to decide what to do or even what questions to ask

When the President moved into foreign policy there was a similar inability to view the entire world and calculate actions on a broad strategic canvas. A member of the National Security Council marveled at Carter conducting the discussions about manufacturing and deploying the neutron bomb. "It was out of a high school civics lesson," this man reported. "It was viewed in terms of sovereign countries, a bunch of equals deciding on a policy. It never seemed to occur to Carter that he was the leader and should make the decision in the free world's interest."

Visitors to the White House have wondered at Carter's literal acceptance of dovish letters from Leonid Brezhnev. The ruler of a critical Middle East country showed another statesman a handwritten note from the President that was viewed by the recipient as a near insult, a naive and flawed view of the forces at work among Arabs. During the months that the Panama Canal treaties were being discussed, Carter worried in his secret meetings about the fact that the U.S. had never admitted guilt in grabbing control in the Canal Zone and demanding absolute rule there. His hang-up on this point came from the popular book, *The Path Between the Seas* by David McCullough. When the Soviets subverted the government in Afghanistan in 1978, the official protests went out routinely, but in the National Security Council, Carter paid only perfunctory attention, though the act was clearly described to him as the possible prelude to trouble When the Soviets invaded in 1979, the President's indignation was triggered by the act of the border crossing; his mind focused on that narrow episode, not on what had gone before.

Carter was told by some of his counselors when the issue of the Soviet combat brigade in Cuba surfaced that he should never have allowed it to develop in the fashion that it did. But faced with the fact, these counselors said, he should broaden the issue and confront the problem of the Cuban mercenaries operating in Africa. For a moment, according to one witness, his interest was roused, but in the end he would not shoulder the burden of confronting the Soviets.

His civics-class approach to the world appeared again when the Shah of Iran fell. While cautious in public statements, Carter in private had nearly convinced himself that Iran would return to the constitution of 1906, that the legislature would reassemble, the military would hold order and a stable government take root. "It was preposterous," says one who helped plan the American response. "The President's thinking was not based on any actual experience of how governments really work in this world."

In trying to fathom the man and his times, almost every Carter analyst comes back, both in admiration and in doubt, to the President's religiosity. It bolsters him for the great waves of criticism that pound now at the White House. But it also seduces him and contributes to many of his falterings. He is a believer—in Bert Lance, his old friend and economic counselor whose banking improprieties forced him from the Office of Management and Budget; in Billy Carter, the kid brother with a good heart who must mean well; in Leonid Brezhnev, who pledged his hope for peace in the shadowy halls of Vienna's Hofburg Palace. Carter's matrix is that found in the Scriptures, where the rules of a just and loving life are laid out. He wants to prevail by purity. Applying those patterns of human concern and behavior to the world's masses is far more difficult.

When a close Carter aide found out that the President was going to Washington's National Cathedral to pray with the families of the hostages, he knew instinctively that the U.S. would

not for the time being assert its power in any way that might jeopardize the hostages. For months Carter resisted using the rescue plan devised by his National Security experts. He was consumed by fear of losing individual lives in such an operation The hostage crisis was incorporated into his political campaign, and from the Rose Garden he sounded the theme of peace, noting proudly that not a single American had died in combat during his presidency

The wider interest of America's position in the world was only vaguely appreciated, if at all. Always Carter's mind fixed on the small parts of the effort and not the whole. At one stage in reviewing the attack plans on the embassy compound where the hostages were held, the President asked about the Iranian guards stationed inside the embassy, near the wall that the commandos intended to scale. Were they volunteers or conscripts? he wondered. If they were radicals, Carter explained, he could go along with killing them, but if they were only peasant conscripts, he wanted them knocked out temporarily. Carter was gripped by what Historian Thomas Bailey has called the "tyranny of the trivial."

In almost every political arena that Carter has entered, his conviction that fervid good will would carry the day has proved false, and in many instances has worsened the problems. His belief that the Soviets would respond to dramatic overtures to scrap many of their nuclear missiles helped to fuel the continuation of arms competition. Carter's human rights campaign is now viewed as having often embarrassed U.S. allies and hardened the opposition of adversaries. His vague notion, preached mostly by his friend and onetime U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, that the radical nations were our natural allies has been mocked in Viet Nam, Cambodia and Iran. "It is not that he does not mean well," says one thoughtful critic of Carter. "It is that almost everything he has touched he has made worse. He operated from the wrong concept of his job, the wrong theory of international affairs, and he uses administrative procedures that fail."

If there is a modern manual of leadership widely admired in the world today, it is the memoirs of France's Charles de Gaulle. His lessons are simple but rarely heeded in most White House proceedings. De Gaulle wrote of the need to concentrate on the questions of greatest national importance, of the necessity of delegating authority, of remaining at a distance but not in an ivory tower, of talking constantly to his people not about themselves but the greater interests of the nation

In a peculiar way Jimmy Carter is consumed by himself His world still resembles the small stretch of Plains, Ga. His goodness becomes an end in itself, defined in the Main Street encounters where the audiences are people with names and problems that are manageable. This does little, however, to define the tastes of the presidency, where decisions must have heroic dimensions, where leaders must balance their immense egos against a deeper understanding that they are but specks of dust in the ultimate sweep of history, where the future must be just as real as the present

But Carter is a marvelous neighbor, friend and Sunday-school counselor. His White House after 3½ years is heavily flavored with the tiny routines of being nice. Grace at every meal, prayer and Bible reading, personal notes, Willie Nelson on the stereo, the leafy glens of Camp David, three miles of jogging in the cool summer mornings, Sunday school in the balcony of the First Baptist Church

The cardigan sweater endures. It was the symbol of his first days of power. That rather austere garment, which he wore both for warmth and to show the American people he was one of them, has been upgraded to a fuller and more stylish model with a collar. It is neatly folded on these scorching days on a table along the wall of the Oval Office. That office remains fundamentally intact as he established it when he came to power, but it is now enriched with the acquisitions of his years in office —a vase from Sadat, a glass screen from Deng Xiaoping, a bronze grizzly bear given to him by conservationists

One of Carter's Sunday-school compatriots describes "the pressures that are right there in his face." But his doctor, Admiral William Lukash, sees a man who has developed a remarkable regimen of physical conditioning to protect himself from the emotional stress. The President's weight is 147 lbs., his blood pressure 114/80 and his pulse rate that of a runner, 52 per min. His entire cardiovascular system is that of a man less than 55. Carter sleeps about six hours on an average night and emerges well rested. His eating remains under rigid control; he has a great fondness for fruits and salads. His skin, which used to get irritated by sunshine, has improved because he now uses a sunscreen for long exposures. Shin splints and

sore muscles that afflicted the President when he began his running no longer occur. Carter runs a mile in a modest 8 min. and he is careful about stretching before running. Part of his preparation: 50 sit-ups. On hot days Carter ends his jog with a swim in the White House pool, and he still relishes tennis two or three times a week. His is an American routine

In the past few months Carter has become a capable fly fisherman and experiments with tying his own flies. This exotic craft seems to have captured his fancy, and he has become remarkably proficient at it in the limited time he can practice it. One of his creations, a green-tufted "Nymph type" fly, has proved so successful on the Big Hunting Creek in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains that it has been dubbed "the Jimmy bug," at least partly in honor of the 18-in. rainbow trout the President landed. His interest in angling has grown to such proportions that Park Superintendent Tom McFadden gathered some fly-fishing experts last month for a corn roast and a lot of gab with the President about the sport. A long time ago, another President wondered why so many of the select enjoyed fishing. Herbert Hoover concluded: "Next to prayer, fishing is the most personal relationship of man; and of more importance, everyone concedes that the fish will not bite in the presence of the public, including newspapermen."

In a simpler age the range of homey interests, the kindness the academic explorations of national problems might have been enough to carry Carter far in the annals of presidential success. The kind of fumbles and hesitations that are rushed to every living room every night were often overlooked when America had huge margins of wealth and power. "People have not blamed Presidents for incompetence unless it hurt them directly," says Duke's James David Barber. That is the problem The pain today is too often genuine

The scholars around the nation are harsh in their judgments of Carter, believing that if he is re-elected the country will get no different leadership than it has got from him so far Stanford Historian Gordon Craig feels that most of Carter's actions are geared to his political survival, that he really has very little expertise outside of campaigning for re-election. "The state of the economy is calamitous, but foreign policy in a broad perspective is even worse," he says. "Carter does things based on how they will sound or look on television."

Princeton's Eric Goldman, who once worked in Lyndon Johnson's White House, expected Carter to come a cropper from the start because, in Goldman's words, "he does not understand modern America. Carter understands small towns, not the cities." New York City University's ubiquitous and biting Arthur Schlesinger Jr. feels that Carter is something the American people produced in their exhaustion and confusion after Viet Nam and Watergate. We are in a period of "national doldrums," contends Schlesinger, and when the U.S. begins to stir again—and it will—the Carter era will be swept away with the lethargy. "Carter would have been O.K. for the Republicans who don't want to do anything," says Schlesinger, who worked in John F. Kennedy's White House

But in other quarters the verdict on Carter is not nearly so certain. There remains something admirable about the man's determination to learn, his durability in these months of political assault. James R. Jones, an influential young Oklahoma Congressman who has pointed out Carter failings in the past, was a guest on Air Force One when Carter flew to Japan in July Jones spent long hours with the President, talking, listening, viewing the U.S. and the world from the finest fuselage aloft. A very practical pol himself, Jones was surprised. During this encounter he found Carter to have a good grasp of the task ahead, to display better instincts about his leadership. Carter seemed to have learned a lot. Concluded Jones: "Jimmy Carter could be a good President these next four years."

That is the central question this week about Jimmy Carter. How much has he learned? Can he break out of the cocoon of doubt that he seems to have woven for himself both at home and abroad? Can he visualize and then start to build a world that is not yet? Says Kirbo, the Atlanta attorney who counsels Carter: "I think he is the best-informed President that we've ever had. He has grown and matured, and now he has a lot of the tools in place that he did not have. This country can get great service out of him." But it was wise old Harry Truman who said that men do not change much after a certain age, that we only learn more about them. New York Senator Daniel Moynihan has observed that Carter's Administration has a "learning disability." That also seems to be the essence of the skepticism that grips the majority of Americans. How Jimmy Carter resolves this debate will determine his future—and much of ours. ■

New York, New York, It's a . . .

Pavarotti, Reh-gie and the Met; plus spreading slums and human struggles

Four years ago, 20,000 whooping Democrats blew into New York City, chomped its pizza, downed its booze and donned their funny hats. They were confident. They sensed a win. Their host, on the other hand, was all smiles, but shaky. It had no confidence and sensed collapse. Oh, the city scrubbed its face, all right; got out the good china, the usual. But New York was broke, after all. Bonds were finally due. Corporations headed for the hills. When the Democrats showed up in 1976, New York was like a Marx Brothers hotel with Margaret Dumont in the lobby—all love and terror and accommodation.

Goodbye to all that, at least for the moment. For the moment New York may still be going broke, but nobody is saying so above a whisper, and the desperate, adamant I LOVE NEW YORK of three years back sounds suddenly sincere, almost giddy. In the four years since the Democrats sighed amen to Jimmy Carter, New York has reduced its debt (considerably), improved its cultural life (remarkably), raised its housing costs (out-of-sightedly), increased its industry (selectively), supported a new mayor (mostly), cleaned up after itself (doggedly) and become a happier place to live (generally). There are naysayers (naturally) and data to justify their attitude. But most New Yorkers agree that the place is fit as a fiddle again, and only a few believe that the fiddle is Nero's.

What has happened to cause the illusory miracle is that the city has played to its strength, with all the usual rewards and penalties of such a strategy. New York's strength is Manhattan. Manhattan is beautiful and rich and piled high with roof gardens that give shade to some very rich and beautiful people. The cost of rental apartments in Manhattan, if one can be found, has risen preposterously since 1975, which means in short that a two-bedroom pad for $1,500 a month is a steal. Or would you rather buy? The number of cooperative apartments resold in 1976 was 1,026, at an average price of $11,380 per room. In 1979 the number of resales was down to 845, and the average price per room up to $34,481. Only the arrogance of realtors has risen proportionately. Co-op prices at a million or two are neither rare nor shocking.

Naturally, the consequence of such prices is that people are clawing their way into every inch of Manhattan space available. After a long quiescence, builders are now providing more space all the time, both office and living. In the East Side area between 50th and 94th streets—the heart of the matter, if the Big Apple were an artichoke—at least eight new co-ops or condominiums are currently in some stage of completion, all high-rising and luxurious, of course, and all smack in the center of things, which accounts for their appeal. At the proposed 44-story Museum Tower, for example, condominium owners will be able to descend from a $250,000 one-bedroom home to an extension of the Museum of Modern Art within the same building. In the 62-story Trump Tower (named for Builder Donald, not the bridge maneuver) one apartment is planned that will cost $11 million. The applicants so far do not include any New Yorkers.

Why people would pay such prices to live on an island without good fishing is a source of befuddlement to country boys, but is laughably reasonable to the simplest New Yorker. He wants to eat well; French, Chinese, Greek, Italian, Indian, you-name-it. He wants to ogle masterpieces. He wants concerts and ballet and opera and people, millions of them, all dressed to the nines, hopeful, busy, important, on the ladder, on the make; luxury high-risers every one. And of course he wants to buy, to shop, to feel the peculiar exhilaration of coughing up $350 for a belt at Hermès, or better still, now that Gucci's Galleria is finally open, to rise in the glass elevator available only by key to that portion of the store where $500,000 gems may be contemplated near a mural by Roy Lichtenstein. If not Gucci, then Cartier; if not that, then some other: all spilled out along Fifth Avenue like Jay Gatsby's shirts.

On Broadway the lights have rarely looked brighter, especially compared with 1976, when perhaps two or three plays justified lines around the blocks and theater critics were bewailing American dependence on British muses. In 1980 the list of Broadway successes includes *Evita*, *Children of a Lesser God*, *Talley's Folly*, *Sugar Babies* and *Barnum*. A theater district that can successfully revive *Peter Pan* and *West Side Story* simultaneously can't be all bad. Since 1976 there has been a 51% increase in theater attendance in New York, and a 137% increase in ticket sales. Broadway orchestra seats can go for $30 apiece, and are filled not only by natives but also by tourists, 17.5 million of them last year alone, who are also filling the expensive hotels. In 1976 the occupancy rate for New York hostelries was 72.2%; in 1979, 82%. Five Manhattan hotels offering 5,200 rooms are either about to open or have just done so.

In a way the most significant boom has been that of the movie industry, which until recently was stone cold in New York. In April of this year ten feature films were being started or completed in the city that moviemakers fled for California long ago. Now their return means dollars, of course, but it also suggests what New Yorkers have been feeling for a while now: the city has regained its romance. The romance is not soft, but it never was. In movies about itself New York always played the antagonist, and now it has simply updated the role, pitting Kramer *vs.* Kramer and all that jazz. Woody Allen's *Manhattan*, which seemed so nostalgic at first glance, was in fact prophetic. Given a chance, most hard-boiled New Yorkers will plunge to weeping at any shot of the skyline at dusk or of a horse and buggy at dusk, or best of all, of themselves at dusk, hand in hand.

O Luciano. O Reh-gie. These days New York's romance with itself takes simple forms. A Reggie Jackson home run seems an act of pure chauvinism. Thousands of people stretch out on blankets in Central Park to hear Luciano Pavarotti sing only to them. Pavarotti is the second most beloved Italian singer in town. The first may be heard on record seemingly everywhere, belting out *New York, New York*. O Frankie.

There is, of course, another tune to New York. It is played on a cornet isolated from one of the George Gershwin songs in *Manhattan* and then carried above 96th Street and out to pockets of The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and State Island, where, alone, it sounds less like a horn than a siren. The city's slums have also changed dramatically in the past four years, but not for the better. "Look at this," says Mrs. Wilma Burroughs, who lives in the area of now infamous Charlotte Street in the South Bronx. "It's been four years. Four years of promises. Four years of nothing. I've got three children

Mayor Edward Koch on the Brooklyn side of the East River before the Brooklyn Bridge and the twin towers of the World Trade Center

Not since Fiorello La Guardia has the city been run by a man as colorful, quick-tempered and incessant as itself.

You think this is any place to bring them up? We're trapped up here. The businessmen and the politicians are always putting up new buildings downtown and talking about how good things in New York are getting. They haven't been up here. It's as if those people at city hall are afraid they'll fall off the edge of the world if they come up above 110th."

In fact, a great many politicians, including Ronald Reagan, are traveling up to Charlotte Street these days, claiming that Jimmy Carter reneged on his vow in 1977 to rebuild the South Bronx. None of the new visitors to the area need fear what the President might have feared three years ago—that a building would fall on his head—because almost all the buildings have fallen in the interim, and are now nicely disguised as two lawns of gray-yellow dust on either side of Charlotte Street. The dust is thicker than the ash from Mount St. Helens. It fills the air. It smells of nothing organic but manure, yet even that smell is not precise; it is tinged with an odor at once dead and sweet. Only fragments in the rubble—wire nettings, a square of bathroom tile—suggest that life ever existed in that place. Beyond the dust lawns, sudden green weeds have begun a crazy garden, as if the wilderness had decided to reclaim the neighborhood.

What buildings do remain stand agape and hollow. There is no broken glass in the windows, because there is no glass in the windows at all. The garbage in the doorways is not a pile but a growth. On a street north of Charlotte a green Chevy lies on its back like a cleaned fish. Such things are seen not only in the South Bronx but also in Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, formerly a Jewish ghetto, now black. These areas too are worse off than they were four years ago. From a tenement roof in Long Island City, stately Sutton Place is in plain view across the East River. On the wall of a burned-out building in Harlem one sign of commerce remains: ADVERTISE IN THIS SPACE.

Of course there are slums and there are slums, as Spiro Agnew did not know. Every impoverished area of New York is a few notches better off than Charlotte Street, but that fact gives no consolation to those who live in sagging wooden tenements or in squat red apartment houses with laundry strung like paper necklaces from window to window. In the summers what passes for life in these areas moves out to the fire escapes or up to the roofs among the antenna forests, or out to the doorways where teen-agers and their elders mill, hang out and wait. They have not the Jordache look. A good pickup game is as exciting as an N.B.A. playoff in these places. Otherwise there are few signs of vitality. Street lamps arch like deacons over the relentless streets. Open hydrants shoot water at passing cars the way fire boats sprayed the tall ships in the Bicentennial festival of 1976.

There are millions of New Yorkers who live like that. There are millions more who live somewhat better, but hardly well, who are not to be officially classified as poor, but whose lives limp on a few miles, and spiritual light-years, away from the perpetual midtown Easter Pa-

Photograph for TIME by Neil Leifer

rade. Donald Petty, 48, of Astoria, Queens, is trying to bring up four kids in a small row house. "I hear a lot of talk about how great New York's doing, about all the new money coming into the city," he says. "I don't see any of it out here. I've been complaining about my street for five years. If you try to drive more than ten miles an hour, you'll leave your whole front end in a hole."

A tale of two cities, then: the best of times and the worst. Says Arthur Taylor, former president of CBS and now head of a business organization called the New York Partnership: "What we have in the city right now is an island on which enormous wealth is being created, surrounded by a sea of economic deprivation." What New York has, in short, is a problem. The problem was not created in the past four years, but it has been made more apparent than ever within that time by the fact that on the whole, the city is up. On the whole. Yet there is also the fact that 16% of New Yorkers live below the poverty line. To put no fine point on it all, the question that haunts New York is: Can the city survive in the long run only by killing off its poor?

The man who must deal with that question, along with all the other questions that feed into it, is Edward Irving Koch, 55, mayor since 1978 and, as Sydney Greenstreet said of Humphrey Bogart in *The Maltese Falcon*, a real character. If New York is a taxi, Ed Koch is its driver—quick-tempered, belligerent, opinionated, chatty, protective, frank and possibly nuts. He usually speeds, and sometimes he drives on the sidewalk. His enemies are "crackpots." To everyone within earshot he asks, "How'm I doing?" Two out of three of those surveyed have answered: good.

PETER B. KAPLAN

Sightseers returning from the Statue of Liberty

Newcomers are still adding their ore to the melting pot

Whether or not they are right will be more fairly judged in a year or so, perhaps after Koch balances the city budget, as he has loudly and frequently promised. At present he is little more than halfway through his term. While there is no question that he is the most colorful mayor the city has seen since Fiorello La Guardia (1934-45), the hard issues he faces will not be resolved by style:

1) MONEY. Koch might have balanced the budget even earlier than promised had New York not been hit by a public transportation strike last spring. The wage settlements that ended that strike and averted another by city workers in June gave the unions raises averaging 17% over the next two years. That, in turn, put the city's $13.58 billion budget back into the familiar red. Earlier this year Koch told Congress that he anticipated no more than 4% in wage hikes for each of the next two years. Now, he expects a $265 million deficit for this year—$135 million of which is due directly to the wage settlements with the unions—and a deficit that could hit $1.2 billion in 1982.

Koch and Governor Hugh Carey have differed on how to reduce the deficit, Koch originally taking the position that only a general tax raise could do the trick, Carey believing that high taxes would drive business from the city again. In the past few weeks Koch appears to have come around to Carey's view. Naturally, both leaders would prefer to rely on the Federal Government for help, but until that traditional cornucopia spills open, an increase in property taxes, which would not bring in enough, is about the only course of action available. Still, Koch has just about managed to eliminate the city's once gargantuan short-term debt of $4.5 billion. As Felix Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation and the city's chief financier, told TIME's Frederick Ungeheuer: "The city is clearly stronger than it was five years ago. But it will take at least two consecutive years of balanced budgets without gimmicks before it can get back into the long-term market again."

2) WELFARE. In 1977 there were 962,000 people on welfare in New York. As of April 1980 the welfare list was down to 867,173. That drop is due in part to the general decline in the city's population (now estimated at 7.1 million, compared with 7.9 million in 1970) but is due more to tighter eligibility rules and to the rooting out of welfare cheats and frauds. At present the city pays about $1.2 billion out of its own tax revenues for aid to dependent children, or exactly the amount projected as the city deficit in 1982. Nearly everyone in the know, from Koch to former Mayor (and now senatorial candidate) John Lindsay, agrees that the solution is for the Federal Government to pick up New York's welfare burden. To date, only the Federal Government has not agreed.

3) RACE. "I been trying to get a job for two years," says Danny, a tall young black in Bedford-Stuyvesant. "Nothin'. My father, he tried for two years and then split. We haven't seen him for a year. So how do I live? I hustle . . . deal some dope, do a little stealing . . . maybe even try to knock over a white newspaper reporter if I thought he had anything worth takin'. That's how a lot of us live out here."

That's how a lot of young blacks live everywhere in the country these days; the New York situation is merely terrible, not unusually terrible. A recent report of the National Urban League, *The State of Black America 1980*, shows that while many blacks have moved up the proverbial money ladder in the past few years, many more have fallen off. In New York the estimated level of unemployment among young blacks and Hispanics is set at anywhere from 38.7% to 80%. No one believes they know the true figure, perhaps because to deal dope and run numbers may be considered forms of employment. Blacks and Hispanics in New York are as desperate as ever, and without an effective leader.

As an article of political faith, Koch is frequently regarded by blacks as a racist, mainly because he has cut back on services to try to balance the budget, and the poor always feel those reductions most acutely. Koch's proposed closings of Sydenham Hospital in Harlem and of three other large city hospitals that principally serve the poor have the residents of those areas dismayed and furious at the mayor's apparent unconcern for their needs. What rankles blacks and Hispanics particularly is Koch's manner, which has none of Lindsay's shallow gregariousness, but no gentleness in it either. As yet Koch has not learned that the last thing hopeless people have need of is a realist.

4) EDUCATION. Among Koch's other cutbacks are the schools. Since 1976 about 70 have been eliminated, and with them approximately 1,000 teaching jobs (not in-

Skyscrapers crowd the night sky in Manhattan, and music lovers pack the Great Lawn in Central Park to hear the Philharmonic

cluding special education teachers), 700 assistant principals and 400 guidance counselors. Extracurricular activities have nearly been cut out entirely. Still, Deputy Chancellor Richard Halverson sees a new stability in the school system. A memo prepared by Halverson's staff notes that in the period from 1976 to 1980 both reading and math scores have improved, if minimally, in certain grades. What is missing, thanks to the staff reductions, are many of the elements of school life that make it enjoyable and attractive. To complete the picture: also missing are 130 handguns and 277 knives confiscated from pupils in 1980, three times the size of the arsenal seized in 1976.

5) CRIME. In 1977 there were 1,557 homicides committed in New York. In 1979 there were 1,752. Local statisticians may boast that New York ranks a poor 13th nationally as a city of crime, but that is small consolation to the woman who can no longer wear jewelry on her neck for fear that some quick-handed thug will yank it away. One morning in Central Park, a woman on horseback was jumped by a man from a tree. Subways are no longer for sleeping. One of the spring 1980 fashions in city crime has been to shove robbery victims before oncoming trains. The trains themselves look like murderers: like rattlers, tattooed from head to tail with graffiti. Yet New Yorkers have to ride them.

Doors on some trains do not open, owing to a policy of "deferred maintenance," meaning no maintenance. Among New York wits there is a continuous competition to find the precisely right metaphor for the feeling of riding in the company of one's fellow citizens at rush hour on a summer day. "We could fix up the trains and the tracks," explains Richard Ravitch, head of the Metropolitan Transit Authority. "We could clean up the subways, buy new air-conditioned cars. We could get a lot more transit patrolmen down into the subways and cut crime. We could do all those things and make the M.T.A. the most efficient public transportation system in the country. All it would take is money."

Square one.

Naturally, the mayor has lots of things to say about the city's problems—all of them said at tenor pitch in a New York–Newark nasal that at odd times seems to swoop into Texas. Koch, who has the Big Bird look, is at his best in a fracas, but he is also a thoughtful politician who appreciates the dignity of his office. He is in his job to stay, he feels; for two more terms, he hopes. On the evening of Aug. 3, before making an address to the annual convention of the National Urban League, he sat on the porch of Gracie Mansion, his official residence, sipping wine, sweating up a storm and discussing his domain. "I think we're doing all right," he said, as if supplying the desired answer to his own trademark question. "New York has come a long way since 1976. We've got an up-to-date accounting system. We've got a fully balanced budget a year ahead of time. We've still got problems, of course. But I think we can deal with them."

LEVIN—BLACK STAR

A decaying building amid rubble in the South Bronx

The only fiddle that plays on Charlotte Street is Nero's.

On the subject of hospital closings, specifically that of Metropolitan Hospital in Spanish Harlem, he insisted that no one would receive worse or less health care as a result of the shutdown, because "a better hospital" will be put up in place of the old. On unemployment, he spoke of the necessity of creating the right climate for jobs, but added that "New York cannot become the employer of last resort. That's a federal responsibility." On housing costs, he acknowledged the madness in Manhattan, but recommended the boroughs. A practical man himself, Koch can understand intellectually how some others might forgo practicality. But the mayor cannot see why either he or the city should be blamed for the consequences.

In many ways his problem with race relations is his most exasperating, because, as an oldtime liberal, he feels that his reputation is largely undeserved. For one thing, he has appointed a much higher percentage of blacks to city jobs than any of his

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The Apple's Big Polisher

He is the quintessential New Yorker: street smart, loud, witty, full of life, always in motion, combative. "Feisty," corrects Mayor Edward Koch. "Combative has a pejorative quality."

Koch's success story is classically New York. His parents were immigrant Jews from Poland. During the Depression, Koch's father lost his fur business in The Bronx and moved his wife and three children to Newark to share a two-bedroom apartment with four other relatives. Ed, 12, helped support the family with tips he earned by operating a hat-check concession in a catering hall.

After his family moved to Brooklyn, Koch worked his way through City College by selling shoes. During World War II, he fought in Europe as an Army sergeant and returned to graduate from New York University Law School. A reformer at heart, he was a worker for Adlai Stevenson and, in 1966, won a term on the city council. In 1968 he was elected to his first of four terms as a Congressman representing Manhattan's "Silk Stocking" district, which includes part of the wealthy Upper East Side. In 1977, despite the fact that both the banks and labor supported other candidates, Koch was elected mayor with slightly more than 50% of the vote.

Koch reflecting on his world

A bachelor with few family ties, Koch devotes his life to his job. He is a cheerful and unrepentant workaholic. In a city where the powerful can become, automatically, the beautiful people, Koch remains the homely bald guy in the shiny suit, Frank Perdue without a chicken. At first he even refused to live in the mayoral residence, Gracie Mansion, a large colonial house overlooking the East River; Koch now grudgingly spends most week nights there for convenience.

On weekends he heads for his bachelor pad in Greenwich Village—a one-bedroom apartment near Washington Square Park. The walls are decorated with Japanese prints, a "Koch for Congress" poster and a David Levine caricature of Hizzoner. Koch has had the rent-controlled apartment since the earlier '60s and now pays only $257 a month, a steal by any New York standards.

Frugality is a Koch trademark in both city management and personal life. He frequents inexpensive Italian cafés. He entertains friends in his apartment, cooking dinners himself in his narrow galley. The menu is usually basic: steak, salad, an inexpensive New York State wine and vanilla ice cream. "I don't like chichi parties and fancy restaurants—partly because I hate to pay the bills," says the mayor.

Koch has a coterie of faithful friends. Many, like Dan Wolf, a founding editor of the *Village Voice*, date back to his days as a young reformer. During his last campaign, Koch appeared frequently with Bess Myerson, 1945 Miss America and now a Democratic senatorial candidate. But they are just friends, not a twosome. Koch often has female aides fill in as his dates for important functions.

Koch trains for his job like a prizefighter. Weekday mornings he gets up at 6 o'clock and hurries off to a health spa near city hall. The manager opens it early so that Koch can ride the exercise bicycle, do sets of 17 sit-ups and bench presses, and jog a mile on the treadmill—all before going to work at 8 a.m., fit and eager for the day's crises. "Being mayor is a 24-hour-a-day job," says Koch. And that's how many hours he is fit and eager.

three predecessors. For another, there is his handling of a summer job program that got him into trouble with several black groups when he first became mayor. After studying the program, which gave local black leaders the right to hand out a certain number of jobs each, he found that only 76% of those who got the jobs were nonwhite. Koch put an end to the patronage system and set up a computer. The first summer the new system was in operation, 120,000 young people signed up for 60,000 jobs. Of those who got them, 92% were nonwhites. He made a similar improvement in a college program, removing the privilege of selecting participants from the Urban League. The city is now sending 5,000 kids to college instead of 2,000, says Koch, who adds: "You can only get these things done if you're willing to stand up and take all the crap that comes from rocking someone's boat."

There are some things that Koch will not take. At a public gathering a few months ago, a young physician from California, outraged over the threatened closing of Sydenham Hospital, leaped at Koch and smashed an egg in his face. Koch, who brawls with his eyebrows, did not take the incident philosophically. "I took the bastard to court," he beamed. "And he's going to do some time in jail. That's what he deserves. I won't take that from anybody."

Koch may feel that he does not get enough credit for his good works, but he gets an awful lot of credit by the standards of New York City mayors. Most New Yorkers, prominent and not, are high on Koch, some fairly intoxicated. That is especially true of the middle class, which almost never has a champion, yet clearly has one in the mayor. Koch is even liked in Washington. Senator William Proxmire, chairman of the Banking Committee, who sees a golden fleece in Koch's idea of relying on the Federal Government for the city's economic salvation, nevertheless much admires the mayor's *joie de vivre*. Almost everyone concedes that for a mad mix of vices and virtues, the mayor and his city are a perfect match.

As for New York's own *joie de vivre*, it is genuine, if precarious. Mike O'Neill, editor of the New York *Daily News* and an astute observer of the city, exclaims that "it's amazing how the mood of the city has become enthusiastic, optimistic, especially in the cultural, business and economic areas, where everyone seems ebullient about what a great town this is." Foreign money has enriched the city one obvious way. But plenty of foreigners who are nonmillionaires—Cubans, Haitians, Grenadans, Dominicans—have enriched it another, the old way, adding their ore to the melting pot, which still exists.

They come to New York for the jobs they may not get, for the homes they may not find, for the peace of mind or self-esteem or safety that may never be theirs. Yet they come for the same stubborn reason that everyone has always had in coming to New York: to find civilization, in spite of its discontents. The Democrats will be doing somewhat the same thing this week, although their convention is small potatoes compared with New York's. New York's convention has been going on for 327 years.

But can the great, gaping divisions also go on forever? Given the choice between Fifth Avenue and Charlotte Street, only a madman would pick the South Bronx. But if the eventual choice comes down to having a city like Oz surrounded by polar wastes, or a little less Oz and a little less waste, will New Yorkers preserve their city? New York has come a long way in the past four years, in two opposite directions. —*By Roger Rosenblatt. Reported by Peter Stoler/New York*

First Billy, Then Teddy

Carter deals with his two problems as the convention nears

In the final days before the Democratic Party was to select its candidate for President, Jimmy Carter moved impressively on two fronts to tighten his grip on the nomination. He cooled the uproar over his brother Billy with an impressive full-hour prime-time press conference and with a 99-page report to a Senate investigating subcommittee. At the same time, his aides were negotiating pre-convention compromises with Challenger Edward Kennedy's camp that reduced the danger of a grand old Democratic donnybrook this week in Madison Square Garden.

To be sure, neither of the threats had vanished. With investigations into the Billy affair under way in the Senate and the Justice Department, there was no quick way for the President to end the controversy over his brother's dealings as an agent for Libya. Yet the besieged President confidently handled barbed questions from reporters. He was alternately humane ("Billy is a colorful personality. I love him and he loves me"), defiant ("I don't have authority to order Billy to do something. It is not illegal for him to make a trip to Libya") and presidential ("I'm sworn by oath to uphold . . . the laws of our nation. If any member of my family should violate those laws, then I'm charged with the responsibility . . . to see that the law is carried out").

While Carter's spirited defense added little to what was already known, it did persuade millions of television viewers that there was nothing illegal or unethical in the way he had handled the affair of Billy and his Libyan friends. Republican Senator Robert Dole, a member of the investigating subcommittee, declared: "If it all turns out just like it is in the [President's] report, we can all endorse the report and go home." But Dole made it clear that he still had some questions to ask.

The President's presentation did not dispel the key issue of whether or not he had shown good judgment. Too many questions remained: 1) Why did he not do more to get Billy to break his Libya connection? 2) If Billy then persisted, why did the President not simply disavow his brother's connection with Libya? 3) At a time when he knew that Billy's work for Libya was under investigation by the Justice Department, why did he use Billy as a back-channel route to try to get Libya to lean on Iran to free the American hostages held in Tehran?

The President conceded that he had thought that Billy might have been trying to make money from his Libyan friends. But he insisted that he did not learn until July 15 of this year that Billy had received any money from his Libya connections. Yet during the many months that Carter wondered whether Billy had a financial motive in courting Libya, the President apparently never even phoned his brother to discuss the matter. Upon learning of the payments, he failed to ask Billy what he had done with the cash.

The President's deference to family sensibilities popped up again in his explanation of using Billy in the hostage crisis. The idea had been Rosalynn's, he conceded, adding: "I think it completely appropriate for Rosalynn to have thought about how we could get the hostages released and to have called Billy to see if he thought he could possibly help." When Billy proved willing, Rosalynn told Jimmy, and the President asked National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski to urge Billy to set up a meeting with Libya's top diplomat in the U.S. Billy did so, but even before the meeting was held, Libya publicly urged Iran to release the hostages.

Fielding questions at his press conference

"I did what I thought was best."

The President admitted that this use of his brother "may have enhanced Billy's stature in the minds of the Libyans," thereby promoting rather than discouraging his foreign-agent enterprise. "That may have been bad judgment," he said. "I did what I thought was best for our country and best for the hostages, and I believe that's exactly what Billy was doing."

Carter convincingly argued that his younger brother had never tried to wield any influence over him on U.S. policy toward Libya. There was, in fact, no evidence that this policy had changed. To seal off presidential families from influence seekers, Carter proposed a new regulation forbidding anyone in the Executive Branch to deal with the President's family "under any circumstances that create either the reality or the appearance of improper favor or influence." Carter would have been more on target if he had simply ordered everyone in his family to avoid any contact with officials that would raise questions of impropriety.

While the President was trying to explain away the Billy problem, Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti raised another issue. He admitted that he had learned from "highly sensitive" intelligence reports as early as April that Billy might be about to receive cash from Libya —but did not tell anyone until nearly two months later. By then investigators had learned from other sources about the payments, actually made in late December and April. Civiletti contends that telling his top aides, even though they have high-security clearances, might have revealed the secret source of information. The subcommittee and Civiletti's own Justice Department are expected to look into the propriety of his actions.

Late in the week, to add to Carter's difficulties, the Washington *Star* disclosed that Ruth Carter Stapleton, the President's evangelist sister, had "visited the Middle East in January at the expense of an American businessman who 'waved the White House flag' in making business contacts there, according to State Department sources." The businessman was identified as Sam Bamieh of Palo Alto, Calif. Bamieh, who traveled with Stapleton as part of a group, was said to have paid $3,000 of her expenses. White House Press Secretary Jody Powell was quoted as saying that Stapleton felt she had been exploited by Bamieh. The White House knew about the trip in advance. Afterward, Stapleton was said to have discussed it with the President but did not mention Middle East policy.

How much his family's problems had hurt the President's chances for renomination would be revealed this week at the convention. Like rival princes, Carter and Senator Kennedy were exchanging emissaries and negotiators all week long, trying to work out compromises and hoping to avoid an eruption that would further damage an already badly riven party.

Negotiators for the two adversaries finally signed a statement that declared: "Whatever differences we may have, they pale in comparison to our common differences with the Republicans and their nominee. Whoever is on our ticket, we are determined to conclude our convention united behind our nominees." A noble sentiment, but whether the thin veneer of good will that covered it would endure the strains of the party in the Garden remained to be seen. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington*

No Need for "Welfare"

Jeff Carter's rising career

Brother Billy is not the only international businessman in the Carter family. TIME has learned that the President's youngest son Jeff, 27, has worked since 1978 as a computer consultant and that his clients, at least one of whom has agreed to pay a six-figure fee, included the World Bank and the authoritarian government of the Philippines.

The shiest of the President's four children, Donnel Jeffrey Carter got involved in his little-known career while a student at George Washington University, where he graduated with honors in 1978 with a bachelor's degree in geography, specializing in computer cartography. The technique plots data, like the location of a city's low-income families, on maps as an aid to social workers and urban planners.

At George Washington, Jeff Carter became friendly with a computer instructor, Robert Mercready, now 55, who had just been hired by the university. Mercready had spent 16 years as a desk-bound intelligence analyst for the Defense Intelligence Agency. Mercready and Carter formed Computer Mapping Consultants, Inc. The business move was viewed as quite inappropriate by some of Mercready's colleagues at George Washington and he left the university.

By then, Mercready and Carter were working as consultants for the World Bank. In February 1978 the bank sent Mercready to Yugoslavia to advise the government on a highway planning project. In November the bank sent Mercready to Seoul to determine the best locations for twelve new wholesale marketplaces in the city. The World Bank paid the two-man company at a daily rate of $180 for Mercready and $150 for Carter, sums in line with normal consultant fees. The total payments were $6,600 in fiscal 1978, $19,766 in 1979 and $24,000 in 1980.

Then, in March of this year, things began looking up for Mercready and Carter. At Mercready's suggestion, the World Bank sent the partners (accompanied by Jeff's wife Annette) to Manila to make a study of solid-waste disposal in the city. The project, for which they were paid $10,000, was part of an ambitious slum rebuilding program that is the special cause of Imelda Marcos, wife of Strongman President Ferdinand Marcos.

President Carter approved his son's trip, according to Secret Service records. He also told the State Department that Jeff and Annette were to be considered ordinary citizens—they were not to be briefed in advance or given red-carpet treatment by the U.S. embassy in Manila. Nonetheless, the visit was hardly routine. Mercready, Jeff and Annette Carter were met at the airport by Marcos' younger daughter Irene. They paid a courtesy call on Imelda Marcos. Jeff and Annette also were guests at Imelda Marcos' lunch for Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua.

The Philippine government tried to use the visit as a means of improving its image. The pro-Marcos *Daily Express* quoted Jeff as saying: "Of course my father does not believe what is being written about the Philippines, but I think it would be best that they [his father and mother] come here and see your beautiful country." The White House had no comment to make on the quote.

Soon after the two businessmen returned to Washington, Mercready said, the Philippines offered to hire them to set up a computer mapping system for the entire country. About six weeks ago, according to World Bank officers, Mercready and Carter announced that they had obtained a two-year contract with the Philippines that will pay them $210,000.

The Carters' newest entrepreneur

Friends at the top in the Philippines.

The contract was signed by Imelda Marcos.

Justice Department lawyers believe that there is no need for Jeff Carter and Robert Mercready to register as foreign agents, as Billy Carter was forced to do, because they are involved only in commercial activities with overseas governments. White House officials insisted that there is nothing improper about Jeff Carter's business dealings. Said a White House spokesman: "Entering into a contract with a foreign government is no different from signing one with an American corporation. Members of the President's family have to make a living. Otherwise, we would have to create a welfare program for them."

At week's end Mercready headed for Manila; Jeff Carter stayed behind temporarily—to promote his father's renomination at the convention. ■

Scramble for Black Votes

They could swing the election

The candidate for President stood last week in a rubble-strewn lot in one of New York City's worst ghettos. Behind him, on the wall of a rundown tenement, was a one-word message of despair in orange paint: DECAY. On another nearby building was a scrawled reminder of what the neighborhood had received from white politicians in the past: BROKEN PROMISES. The candidate read a brief statement to reporters. Said he: "I'm impressed with the spirit of hope and determination by the people to save what they have." Hecklers in a crowd of 70 young black and Hispanic onlookers shouted: "Do something for us! Help us! Speak to the people, not the press!" But as he tried to speak to the crowd, he was drowned out by obscenities and chants. The candidate grew angry. "What I'm trying to tell you," he shouted above the din, "is I can't do a damn thing for you if I'm not elected."

The candidate in the angry confrontation happened to be Republican Ronald Reagan. But much of the bitterness directed at him, particularly by the blacks, could have as easily been aimed at Democrat Jimmy Carter or Independent John Anderson or even, in some areas, Senator Edward Kennedy.

Black voters, who make up 11% of the U.S. electorate, feel increasingly left out of the American economic system and political process. Since 1964, when a record 59% of black voters went to the polls, the turnout has steadily shrunk; in 1976, it was only 49%. "It is informed apathy," says Columbus Keepler, field services director for the Atlanta-based Voter Education Project, which was in the forefront of the Southern voter registration drives of the 1960s. "Many people voted once or twice and didn't see anything happen, so they don't vote any more." But as Carter showed in 1976, even a small black turnout can be important. He drew 90% of the 6.6 million black votes cast, which helped tip several key Southern and Northern industrial states into his column, including Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas.

However small and skeptical, the black vote also could be a key factor in the coming election, and it was the object of ardent wooing last week by all four candidates. The courtship occurred most directly in the regal grand ballroom of the New York Hilton, site of the annual convention of the National Urban League, which for 70 years has helped blacks to get jobs, housing and education.

In three days of speeches, none of the politicians made any new promises or said much that had not been heard before by the generally reserved audience of 16,000, most of whom were middle-aged and middle class. Anderson was regard-

ed as a curiosity; few in the crowd considered him to be a viable candidate. Kennedy stirred some enthusiasm when he recalled his two decades of involvement in civil rights fights. Of unemployment in America, both black and white, Kennedy said: "The only truly Democratic response can be summed up in three short words: jobs, jobs, jobs."

Carter was also warmly applauded several times. He reminded the audience of one of his favorite statistics: he has appointed more blacks, Hispanics and women to federal judgeships than all other U.S. Presidents combined. Carter too made a vague vow to plug for more jobs, saying that he would soon unveil an economic recovery plan that will "restore growth and reduce unemployment." The two Democrats focused their heaviest fire on Ronald Reagan. Kennedy reminded the audience that in the past, Reagan has opposed equal employment opportunity and unemployment compensation. Carter slashingly attacked Reagan's economic program, which would cut federal income tax rates by 30% over three years, as "sugar-coated poison" that would disastrously kick up inflation.

Ronald Reagan trying to make himself heard above the din in The Bronx

Asking blacks to set aside their views of him as a "caricatured conservative."

The attacks on Reagan reflected the Democrats' growing apprehensions about a change in Republican campaign strategy. For the first time in twelve years Reagan is courting black votes. He and his strategists hardly believe he is the Republican who will bring blacks back to the party of Lincoln, but they are nonetheless going to work hard to attract them. More important, Reagan's aides feel that by visibly reaching out to blacks, Reagan will soften his image with white moderate Republicans, independents and disaffected Democrats, who regard him as an uncaring conservative.

But Reagan has no intention of abandoning his hard-core supporters. Before going to New York, he defended "states' rights" at the Neshoba County Fair in Philadelphia, Miss., where three young civil rights workers were murdered in 1964. Some 10,000 people, nearly all of them white, cheered lustily in response.

Two days later, Reagan had a sharply different message for the Urban League. He asked his listeners to set aside their misconceptions of him as "anti-poor, anti-black and anti-disadvantaged ... a caricatured conservative." But Reagan's carefully crafted speech touched on virtually no black concerns other than economics. Indeed, to the amusement of some participants, he inadvertently picked up Kennedy's refrain that the answers to black Americans' problems are "jobs, jobs, jobs." Reagan's way of creating these jobs, of course, is far different from Kennedy's. Rather than Government programs, he would expand private employment by stimulating the economy with tax cuts. His speech drew applause but not the ovations accorded Kennedy and Carter as they stepped from the podium.

Two hours after leaving the conference hall, Reagan was taken by limousine to the vacant lot in the South Bronx where Jimmy Carter in 1977 promised federal help to rehabilitate the neighborhood. Reagan intended only a brief, symbolic visit that would allow him to make the point that the Carter Administration never fulfilled its promise. Instead, the Californian wound up in the contentious debate, which he later skillfully turned to some advantage by telling reporters that if he lived in the South Bronx, he too would "build up a little impatience." Said Reagan: "There we were, driving away, and you think of them back there in all that ugliness. All that is before them is to sit and look at what we just saw."

On his way home to California, Reagan stopped in Chicago for another bit of theater, this time a visit with Civil Rights Leader Jesse Jackson, a Carter supporter. Again, the basic plan backfired. After their private chat, Jackson escorted Reagan to his car. When they got within view of TV cameras, Jackson, an old showman himself, suddenly asked Reagan to repudiate the recent endorsement of him by the Ku Klux Klan. Reagan claimed ignorance of the endorsement (though it had been widely reported) and then said he had "no tolerance whatsoever for what the Klan represents."

But Reagan had no way to recover from Jackson's second maneuver: giving reporters a detailed critique of the candidate's speech to the Urban League. Jackson rapped Reagan, who wants to transfer many federal functions to state and local governments, for not recognizing the fact that the Federal Government has been black America's chief bulwark against discrimination. Said Jackson: "For black people, 'states' rights' has historically meant 'states' wrongs.' "

As Reagan ended the first week of trying to woo black voters, most remained deeply suspicious of him. Said Maxine Nickerson, a registered nurse and a member of the Los Angeles Urban League: "Deep down, I want to believe him, but I can't. All he wants is our votes." Blacks voiced similar doubts about Reagan in interviews with TIME correspondents across the country. Said Grace Hamilton, a Georgia state representative from Atlanta: "The very thought of Reagan makes my blood run cold."

In this stormy political year, some black leaders, such as John Jacob, executive vice president of the Urban League, are claiming that the black vote "is up for grabs." That declaration, designed to coax the maximum amount of concessions from all the candidates, vastly overstates the case. If they had the chance, many blacks would back Ted Kennedy. Without the Senator on the ticket, they would turn to Carter, but with far less enthusiasm. There is a strong feeling that Carter promised much and delivered little. Indeed, among the hardest hit by Carter's anti-inflation fight have been urban blacks, many of whom have lost their jobs in the recession.

"If Carter is the nominee, blacks will not vote in large numbers," warned Willie Brown, a black California state representative. Said Vernon Jarrett, a black columnist for the Chicago *Tribune*: "His biggest problem is generating the extra push in the black community that will make a difference."

The severity of Carter's problem was shown by a recent Harris poll. The President led Reagan among blacks, but his approval rating was only 50% (*vs.* 19% for Reagan, 24% for Anderson). The poll was an early indication that Reagan may indeed have a chance of picking up enough black votes to have a major effect if the election is close. —*By Frank B. Merrick. Reported by Larry Barrett/New York.*

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Iranians meet reporters as Mark Lane (seated second from right) takes part

New Hurdle for the Hostages

Iranian demonstrations in the U.S. could prolong their ordeal

Once again, Iranian students were protesting near the White House and testing the limits of American patience. As several hundred supporters of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini gathered last week in Washington's Lafayette Square, they were pelted with eggs, soft tomatoes and ripe fruit by an angry crowd of flag-waving Americans. "Go home! Go home!" shouted a gray-haired woman. Yelled a teen-ager: "The Shah would know how to deal with you He'd have you beheaded!"

Just hours earlier, many of these same Iranians had faced a similar confrontation at the Islamic Center in the Woodside section of Queens, N.Y. More than 1,000 of the area's residents hurled insults and eggs at the foreigners and prevented buses from taking them back to Washington. At a press conference eerily like those conducted by the militants in Tehran, where the 52 American hostages have been held since Nov. 4, the Iranians denounced what they called police brutality during their recent imprisonment. Joining the Iranians in the mosque was Mark Lane, the publicity-hound attorney, who has been out of the headlines since 1978 when he was retained by Jim Jones' Peoples Temple in the Guyana jungle. After police-escorted vans finally took the Iranians from the mosque, New York Mayor Koch exclaimed: "They're not students, they're provocateurs. They should all be expelled! Can you imagine what would happen to American students if they acted like this in Iran? They would probably be stoned to death."

Freed from U.S. jail

The Iranians had arrived in Queens after being imprisoned for a total of ten days following their arrest for disorderly conduct during a violent demonstration in Washington. They were allowed to select lawyers and to meet with a Muslim clergyman. And because it was Ramadan, the Islamic holy month that imposes fasting during the day, prison authorities established a special dining schedule, serving a meal just before sunrise and another after sunset. Even so, the prisoners went on a hunger strike and some eventually even had to be force-fed.

Ordinarily, the Iranians would have been processed quickly, but they refused to give authorities their names. That, in turn, created another problem: the Immigration and Naturalization Service could not determine whether they were residing legally in the U.S. After being held five days in a District of Columbia jail, the Iranians were turned over to the INS, which sent them to more spacious facilities in New York.

Then, with no explanation, the Iranians last week began revealing their names. The agency was satisfied that the protesters were in the U.S. legally; most are college students in the West and Midwest. All were set free on Wednesday; two who had been charged with more serious offenses were released on bond. While some Iranians immediately headed back to Washington for more demonstrations, others first stopped off at the Islamic Center. None seemed inclined to return to Iran, although White House Press Secretary Jody Powell pointedly declared: "We would be happy to honor any such request."

In Tehran, the militants exploited the arrests of the Iranians in the U.S. to whip up a new anti-American frenzy. Fakhredin Hejazi, a leading member of the new Iranian Parliament, alluded to the U.S. hostages when he warned darkly that "the U.S. will be sorry if the slightest harm comes to our children." Meanwhile, a crowd of more than 100,000 fist-waving Iranians marched to the occupied American embassy to demonstrate on behalf of their countrymen imprisoned in the U.S.

The outburst in Tehran came just when U.S. officials believed that the hostage crisis might be easing. Not only was the Shah dead, but the Iranian Parliament at last had convened; Washington had hoped that that body would resolve the hostage issue quickly so that it could concentrate on Iran's critical domestic problems. Said a Carter Administration official: "We have been avoiding any actions that would flare up emotions in Tehran against the U.S. Now all of a sudden you've got mobs outside the U.S. embassy again."

Administration officials believe that the militants holding the hostages might have directed their allies in the U.S. to stage their demonstration with the hope of landing in jail. This would have given extremist Islamic factions in Iran a cause to exploit and so continue to discredit any efforts by President Abolhassan Banisadr, a relative moderate, to release the hostages. The militants also might be maneuvering to prevent an attempt by their clerical leaders to resolve the crisis. In London, where Iranians have demonstrated against the U.S. and been arrested, Scotland Yard also thinks that militants in Tehran might have been calling the shots.

American officials believe, but lack concrete proof, that the zealots in Tehran have been financing militant Iranian activities in the U.S. The key man is suspected to be Bahram Nahidian, a Georgetown rug merchant who is believed to have access to several million dollars provided by Iran. U.S. law enforcement officials think that the Iranian militant network in this country is in daily radio and telephone contact with the hard-liners in Tehran. Officials even feel that some of the Iranians have been recruited as assassins to intimidate and eliminate leaders of the anti-Khomeini Iranian community in America. The prime suspect in last month's killing of Ali Akbar Tabatabai, a former Shah official, is Daoud Salahuddin, who was once Nahidian's bodyguard.

With little relief in sight from Iranian student demonstrations—and the outrage they trigger among Americans—the White House will continue to face a painful dilemma: How to rein in the Iranian militants in the U.S. without triggering dangerous reprisals against the American captives in Iran? ■

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Storm-driven Gulf waters flooding Corpus Christi (upper left); pony turning away from wind in Petronila; waves battering shore at Port Isabel

A Monster from the Caribbean

One of the century's wildest hurricanes turns tame over Texas

Its itinerary sounded like something drawn up by a Caribbean cruise director: Barbados and St. Lucia, Haiti and Jamaica, Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula and the U.S. Gulf Coast. But the voyage left shattering death and destruction in its wake. Hurricane Allen brought savage 185 m.p.h. winds and 20-ft. waves. It wiped out most of the Caribbean banana crop, demolished thousands of homes and killed more than 100 people before its final landfall in Texas. Said Noel Risnychok, a meteorologist at Miami's National Hurricane Center, as the winds scythed through the normally placid Caribbean: "Allen has the potential to be the most devastating storm of the century."

That record was set by a hurricane that smashed through the Caribbean to the Florida Keys on Labor Day 1935 and claimed 408 lives. Late last week, a weather reconnaissance plane flew into Allen's eye and discovered a stunningly low barometric reading of 899 millibars—perilously close to the 892 level of 1935. Allen's monstrous wall clouds, the most powerful part of a hurricane, reached out 70 miles from the eye. Whether the worst storm of the past 80 years or merely the second worst, Allen was one for the record books. A long Caribbean heat wave gave the hurricane particular ferocity, and forecasters fear that similar storms may follow until season's end in November.

Allen ran past Barbados, but the island of St. Lucia caught its full force. In Haiti Allen destroyed virtually the entire coffee crop, a major source of income for the impoverished island, and killed at least 50. Before the hurricane cut across Jamaica, Prime Minister Michael Manley pleaded on national radio: "I ask for God's blessing for this night." Though western Cuba was barely scratched, the storm battered nearby Isla Juventud, where 25,000 teen-agers from Third World countries are studying on Cuban scholarships, then swiped at the Yucatán.

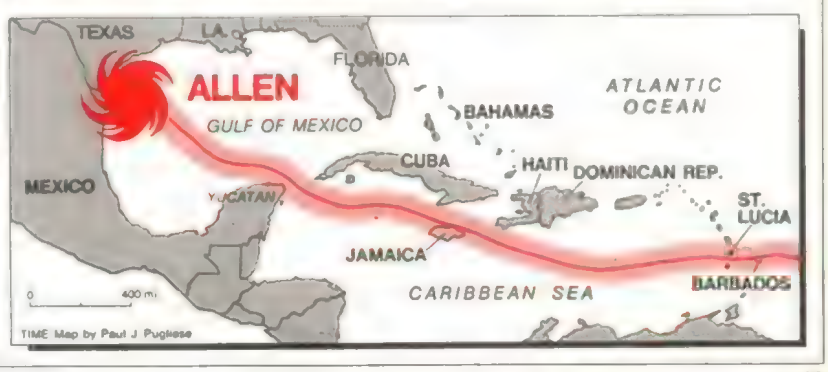
Warned that Allen was nearing, Texans from Brownsville to Galveston frantically boarded up their homes and shops and 200,000 people fled coastal areas. Hardware stores sold out of batteries, candles, masking tape and flashlights. Canned goods and bottled water disappeared from grocery shelves. Hotels inland were booked to capacity.

Along the U.S. Gulf Coast, boats, helicopters and other rescue vehicles went on alert. Some 4,500 workers were evacuated from offshore oil rigs. On one mission, a helicopter crashed, killing 13. For all the warnings, a few stubborn Texans refused to move from the path of the oncoming storm. "It's been 19 years since a hurricane crossed the coast," said Cecil Palmer of the National Weather Service's Houston office. "We have many newcomers who don't know what a hurricane is all about and many oldtimers who feel, 'Well, I rode it out before and I can do it again.' "

The obstinate oldtimers were right. Stalling off Brownsville for several hours on Saturday night, Allen lost much of its punch. Once the hurricane reached land and was no longer fueled by sea moisture, it rapidly subsided. Winds in Brownsville were less than 80 m.p.h. "Now it's just a ferocious little thunderstorm," said a National Weather Service spokesman.

Damage was nowhere near as severe as expected. In south Texas cities, streets were strewn with uprooted trees, downed power lines and splintered billboards. But most buildings were still standing. Torrential rains of 15 to 20 inches caused serious flooding in central Texas and destroyed some $400 million in crops, especially cotton. But the downpour also brought desperately needed moisture after a month-long drought.

According to early estimates, Allen caused no deaths in the U.S. "Everybody really jumped and left," said National Hurricane Forecaster Gil Clark. "There is not much chance of loss of life unless someone stayed down on one of the beaches." For a while, a tanker grounded by the storm 12 miles off the coast looked as if it would break up and spill its cargo of 11.8 million gallons of crude oil into the high seas. But the vessel appeared to be riding out the storm. "God was good to us," said Eddie Gonzales, a deputy sheriff in Brownsville, as the storm spent itself over sparsely populated range land. "It's as simple as that." ■



ZIMBABWE

The First Test

A Minister's arrest shakes a young regime

The attackers, some dressed in the olive drab fatigues of bush-hardened guerrillas, approached in an extended line. Their AK-47 rifles started blazing as they walked toward the dilapidated farmhouse. "They just opened fire on us," said Ralph Chadwick, a farm equipment dealer who was visiting the property with two other whites. "We scrambled for cover and beat a fast retreat to our cars as the firing got hotter." Returning with police 30 minutes later, they found the farm's white manager, Gerald William Adams, 68, dead with a single bullet in his back.

In many ways, the afternoon raid on Stamford Farm, a large estate southwest of Salisbury, resembled countless other incidents of scattered rural violence by trigger-happy ex-guerrillas. But the killing was different in one important respect: the suspected ringleader of the murdering band was Edgar Tekere, 43, Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development in the four-month-old government of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe. He is also the secretary-general of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), and one of southern Africa's most prominent black nationalists.

Within 48 hours of the crime, the former guerrilla leader was compelled to give himself up to white police officers. He was put into a cell in Salisbury's Chikurubi Prison. The possible maximum sentence if he is convicted: death by hanging.

The bizarre episode confronted the newly independent nation of Zimbabwe with its most serious crisis since the end of the Rhodesian civil war. It threw Mugabe's faction-ridden ZANU party into confusion. It sent a jolt of fear through the white community just as whites were beginning to acquire confidence in the new black leadership. Finally, it raised new doubts about the durability of Zimbabwe's new constitutional community.

The police net closed in on Tekere after his official ministerial car, a blue Jaguar, was seen speeding away from the farm along with a white Mercedes-Benz. Within hours, the cars were traced to a Salisbury apartment complex. While Tekere and a number of his heavily armed bodyguards holed up inside, some 40 police gunmen laid siege to the building. After a lengthy standoff, the scene shifted to Tekere's high-walled suburban home, to which the erratic Minister retreated with his bodyguards.

Defiant to the end, Tekere bids his wife goodbye as he is taken off to jail

Meanwhile, police authorities presented the facts of the case to Mugabe, who ordered Tekere's arrest. The next morning, Chief Police Superintendent John Carse and other armed officers surrounded Tekere's heavily guarded estate in St. Martins, a suburb of Salisbury. They confiscated a load of weapons, and then engaged in a lengthy discussion with Tekere and his lawyer. At one point, Tekere strode jauntily over to share a joke with newsmen. Said he: "I'm just talking to my friends, the police. That's all."

The joke ended when Tekere, still dressed in battle fatigues, finally hopped into his blue Jaguar and drove to Salisbury's central police station. There, in an unusual closed-door hearing, he was formally charged with murder and held without bail pending trial. Six other men, all from Tekere's personal corps of bodyguards, were also arrested in the case.

What had propelled an influential Cabinet Minister into mindless crime may have been a hot temper and a weakness for strong drink. The night before the killing, Tekere allegedly had been partying with some ex-guerrillas near Stamford Farm. Somehow they got into an argument with the farm's caretakers, a group of black soldiers who had served in the white-officered Rhodesian African Rifles before independence. Tekere and his cronies returned with their guns the next day, evidently intending to teach the R.A.R. men a lesson. Apparently, Farm Manager Adams was shot to death while trying to call for help over the farm's emergency radio system.

The case was a major blow for Mugabe, who was playing host last week to visiting Mozambican President Samora Machel. Described by aides as "embarrassed and enraged" at the alleged conduct of a longtime friend and comrade, Mugabe promptly sent word to Parliament that full justice would be done.

Whatever the outcome of the judicial process, the case would be sure to confront Mugabe's own leadership with a series of crucial tests and uncertainties.

One threat comes from within his own party. Mugabe's moderate policies have come under bitter attack from radicals like Tekere, who have called for a hard-line socialist program and the expropriation of white wealth. There was the potential for a bitter internecine conflict if Mugabe were to allow a white-dominated police and judiciary apparatus to convict Tekere. The fierce, short-tempered nationalist *(see box)* holds the third highest party rank and commands a loyal following among many of the 25,000 guerrillas who remain in training camps scattered around the country.

Some observers feel, on the other hand, that a conviction would be to Mugabe's benefit because it could weaken the party's radical wing and enable Mugabe to replace a sometimes troublesome upstart in the secretary-general's post. It would also help Mugabe smooth his relations with Joshua Nkomo, his former co-leader in the Patriotic Front guerrilla alliance. In a series of personal attacks, Tekere had recently demanded that Nkomo be "crushed" and that his party, which controls four of the 25 Cabinet seats, be banished into permanent opposition. Tekere's removal from the political arena thus would gratify Nkomo and probably help heal the rift within the governing coalition. Ironically it was Nkomo himself who, as Home Affairs Minister, probably endorsed the police action against his greatest rival.

Also at stake were Mugabe's hopes for stemming the white exodus that has recently reached record levels of over 1,500 a month. Whites have been increasingly alarmed by the persistence of rural lawlessness, and the involvement of a Cabinet Minister in the latest cold-blooded attack seemed to confirm their worst fears. Says a U.S. southern Africa expert: "Whites have always had a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy that black rule would mean the end of all civilized standards. In the Tekere affair, they see the beginning of the end." Indeed, last week White Community Leader Ian Smith at first reportedly told Mugabe that he himself would join the exodus if the case was covered up. Later, however, he publicly praised Mugabe for his strong stand in favor of legality.

The affair may ultimately calm white fears and vindicate Mugabe's leadership if it serves to demonstrate his commitment to the rule of law. Said one Salisbury businessman: "At least it will reassure whites who were beginning to think those with government connections could say and do anything they want." Much depends on the final outcome, but so far many observers found grounds for reassurance in Mugabe's handling of his first real crisis. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Salisbury*

Frustrated Revolutionary

A pointed sense of irony trailed the murder charge lodged against Manpower Minister Edgar Tekere last week in Salisbury: it was the first act of personal violence ever attributed to the former guerrilla revolutionary, even during seven bloody years of civil war. The tough, radical Tekere, 43, had spent his entire adult life—including 15 years in prison or exile—in the struggle to bring black majority rule to his native Zimbabwe, but his role was never that of a fighter in the field. Rather, he was an exclusively political operator who specialized in recruiting, motivating and directing from a desk the tactical planning of the freedom struggle. To this day, some of his comrades say that he would have been happier as a front-line commander. This underlying frustration, as they see it, accounts for his military taste in dress (olive fatigue uniforms and combat boots), his ready identification with "the boys in the bush," as the guerrilla fighters still call themselves, and his continued political aggressiveness.

Compared with his ascetic friend Robert Mugabe, who is a trained and erudite philosopher, the stocky Tekere has always cut the figure of a rough-and-ready, sometimes recklessly outspoken black nationalist with little patience for ideology or gradualism. Last month Tekere scathingly dismissed two top Anglican churchmen—one of whom had spoken against the shooting down of an Air Rhodesia airliner by guerrillas last year—as meddlers who "have no place with us." Even in public, he never hesitated to call his old tribal and personal antagonist Joshua Nkomo "useless and redundant."

It was probably inevitable that Tekere's abrasive outbursts would eventually cause friction even with Mugabe. Last month, after the Nkomo faction accused Tekere and some of his supporters of expending "hot air," Mugabe discreetly conceded that some of his ministers' statements should not be confused with government policy. Responded an unrepentant Tekere: "I will go on releasing hot air because it represents the view of the people. Let us be realistic. Unless we keep riding the tide of revolution, down we go as a government." Explaining that a number of whites had asked him to be more moderate, he added scornfully: "What am I to moderate? What do I owe them?"

Ex-Guerrilla Tekere in an exasperated mood

The son of an Anglican priest, Tekere was born in the fertile Umtali district of eastern Rhodesia in 1937. He was educated in mission schools and as a boy served at the altar of Salisbury's Anglican cathedral. His first job was in a religious bookstore. In 1959, at age 22, the young Anglican was jailed briefly for distributing black nationalist literature. Imprisonment only intensified Tekere's political zeal, and in 1963 he became one of the founding members of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). By the time he was jailed a second time, a year later, for his political activities, Tekere was the party's deputy secretary for youth and culture, in charge of recruiting black youths to the cause. When former Prime Minister Ian Smith illegally declared Rhodesia independent in 1965 and began cracking down on black activists, Tekere was jailed again, this time for nine years.

Released in 1974, Tekere went into exile, first in Zambia and later alongside Mugabe in Mozambique. Responsible for ZANU's fund raising and arms procurement as well as recruitment, Tekere traveled to friendly countries to solicit support for the war. China was the principal backer. When the cease-fire was finally declared last year, ending the civil war, Tekere emerged as his party's third-ranking leader.

In recent months, however, Tekere increasingly seemed to be feeling the strain of Cabinet membership. Responsible for bringing equity to a labor system that had always run on black workers and white managers, Tekere was stymied. For one thing, he faced an impossible level of 57% unemployment. Not-so-old hatreds began to resurface when changes were slow to occur. Drinking heavily, he began straying ever further from Mugabe's pragmatic politics. He accused more moderate black leaders of a "gangster mentality and leadership decay." He began to speak of himself as his party's "conscience."

MIDDLE EAST

The Shin Bet Affair

Israel's security chief denies that he quit over a cover-up

"Never was a calumny so odious." Brimming with indignation, the statement from the Israeli Prime Minister's office had the ring of Menachem Begin's personal rhetoric. For the fifth time in 24 hours, the government had issued an outraged denial of an allegation that had the potential for a major political blowup. The object of the Begin government's wrath was a published charge that the chief of the General Security Service, Israel's equivalent of the FBI, had resigned to protest a possible obstruction of the investigation into the attempted assassination last June of three Palestinian mayors in the occupied West Bank.

The controversy broke over a report published in the Washington *Star*. The newspaper charged that within days of the car bombings that critically injured Nablus Mayor Bassam Shaka'a and Ramallah Mayor Karim Khalaf (a third mayor, El-Bireh's Ibrahim Tawil, escaped unscathed), Shin Bet, as the security service is known, turned up evidence that linked six members of the ultranationalist *Gush Emunim* settler movement to the attacks.

When Avraham Achituv, 54, chief of Shin Bet, learned of the evidence, he allegedly asked Begin for permission to investigate further, using surveillance and wiretap methods. Begin said no. His reason, according to the *Star:* the police were carrying out a full investigation. Later, the newspaper reported, Achituv learned to his surprise that the police had been told that Shin Bet was in charge.

Israelis first heard of the allegations on television in a live telephone interview from Washington. The next day every newspaper headlined the charges, which the government denied with increasing firmness and wrath. Achituv himself gave four interviews, unprecedented for a security chief, including one on television in which the cameras focused on a tape recorder emitting his voice. (Israeli censorship law forbids the chief's name or photograph to be published.) Achituv flatly denied that he had encountered interference in his investigation. His resignation, he said, had been a routine request to step down at the end of the year. What is more, he added, it had been submitted "before the attack on the mayors."

The allegations were not the first criticism that had been leveled against the government's handling of the bombing investigation, reported TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman. Questions had increasingly been asked in Israel about the fact that no arrests had been made, and the government had been pressed to make public the details of the case. After the new charges, two deputies, including one from Begin's own coalition, called for an inquiry.

Israel was already at the center of an international storm over the Knesset's passage of a bill the previous week affirming the city of Jersualem as the capital of Israel. In response to that defiant vote, Egypt's Anwar Sadat wrote Begin an 18-page letter in which he laid out a forceful and sweeping denunciation of Israeli actions. Unless Begin "removed the obstacles to peace," Sadat concluded, the Palestinian autonomy talks would once again be put off indefinitely.

U.S. diplomats, who had hoped Begin "would count to ten" before responding and thus avert a total breakdown of the negotiations, were disappointed by the Israeli Prime Minister's brusque response. Begin promptly drafted a "page by page refutation" of Sadat's letter, asserting that Egypt was the real obstacle to peace because of its constant interruptions of negotiations. Begin also charged that Egypt was deviating from the Camp David accords by bringing up the issue of Jerusalem, "which was never mentioned in any stages of the peace treaty."

To Israel's Muslim neighbors, for whom Jerusalem is also a revered religious shrine, the Knesset action seemed not only insensitive but also contemptuous. Rallying round Egypt, Islamic nations in the U.N. drafted a resolution calling on the Security Council to impose strict sanctions on Israel for flouting international laws concerning Jerusalem. ■

Maimed Mayor Shaka'a receives an embrace

A gathering storm over the investigation.

Distraught mourners at victims' funeral

ITALY

Bologna's Grief

Over a terrorist outrage

Standing shoulder to shoulder in the hot, crowded Cathedral of San Petronio in Bologna last week, they formed a frieze that has become all too familiar to Italians: the country's political leaders attending a memorial service for terrorist victims. This time there was a tragic difference of degree. The funeral was for those who died in the explosion that ripped through the Bologna train station on Aug. 2, killing 79 persons and wounding at least 160.

The worst terrorist attack in Western Europe since World War II, which authorities attribute to neo-Fascist extremists, demonstrably deepened public distrust of Italian officialdom. Outside the cathedral, a crowd of 200,000 jammed the Piazza Maggiore and made their feelings known. Popular President Alessandro Pertini received only token applause, while Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga and other political leaders were greeted with whistles and boos. Only seven of the victims' coffins were lined up before the main altar for the public Mass; most of the bereaved relatives had preferred to bury their dead privately as an act of protest against a state they blamed for failing to check terrorism. In other cities throughout the country, tens of thousands of demonstrators staged protest strikes against the bombing. Concluded the Rome daily *La Repubblica:* "Never has the gulf between the real country and the legal nation been greater."

At the scene of the colossal blast, which tore a 4-ft. crater in the main waiting room and destroyed one entire side of the station, Bologna's mourners created their own folk shrine to the dead. Bouquets of carnations and gladioli were tossed, some with photographs of victims

attached. Lines of young travelers with rucksacks paused thoughtfully on the way to their trains. By week's end vases of flowers could be seen among the plastic-covered bouquets stacked at the scene of the explosion, thus giving an air of permanence to the site. Occasionally a housewife would kneel in prayer against the iron barrier that police had set up around the hole. And in nearby towns and villages, streets were being renamed for "The Martyrs of Bologna."

In their investigation, the police tentatively concluded that the bomb had been composed of a common form of TNT, apparently packed into one or two suitcases. Its timing was obviously calculated to wreak maximum carnage: a Saturday morning, the first rush of the August vacation exodus, when the station was packed with an estimated 10,000 people scurrying for tickets and trains. Shortly after the blast, an anonymous telephone caller claimed that the bomb had been planted by a neo-Fascist group called the Armed Revolutionary Nuclei (N.A.R.). One possible motive for the outrage: it had been announced earlier in the day that four right-wing terrorists had been indicted for the 1974 bombing of a train outside Bologna that had claimed twelve lives.

Investigators tended to give credence to the claim that the blast was the work of neo-Fascists, or so-called black terrorists, because of the mindless nature of the crime. Leftist terrorism tends to strike with selective assassinations, like the kidnap-murder of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro two years ago. Cossiga himself explained to the senate last week. "Black terrorism prefers the massacre because it promotes panic and impulsive reactions." The worst previous incident of terrorism in Italy, in fact, had been the 1969 bombing of a Milan bank that is widely regarded as the start of political terrorism in Italy and for which rightist extremists were tried and sentenced. The bombing took 16 lives and left 90 injured. In the past three years, the N.A.R. specifically has been blamed for 25 attacks, including the murder in June of Mario Amato, a Rome judge who had been investigating its activities.

As the Bologna investigation intensified last week, an initial arrest was made across the French border in Nice. A suspected N.A.R. member named Marco Affatigato was picked up after Italian authorities received an anonymous tip that the 24-year-old hospital cook had been seen at the Bologna station shortly before the bombing. Affatigato had already been wanted in connection with the jail break of Terrorist Organizer Mario Tuti two years ago. Nevertheless, Italian police said that Affatigato's possible involvement in Bologna was far from certain. Cautioned Chief Investigator Luigi Persico: "Right now it's still a process of eliminating one false lead after another until we find out what happened." ■

BRITAIN

Romp and Circumstance

A birthday bash for the Queen Mum at 80

NORMAN PARKINSON—CAMERA PRESS

Royal blue: the Queen Mother with Daughters Queen Elizabeth (left) and Princess Margaret

A flight of ten R.A.F. Red Arrows jets streaked across the sky in a perfect E, for Elizabeth, formation. Tenor Luciano Pavarotti warbled *Happy Birthday* over champagne at a cozy luncheon. At Covent Garden, Dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov leaped through the air in a new ballet created in her honor. Bonfires glowed on the Kent and Sussex coasts. Cannon boomed from the Tower of London.

The cause of all the jubilation was the 80th birthday of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who was reluctant for her husband to take the throne in the first place, but is, as the London *Times* declared, probably the most popular royal personage of all time. To the British she symbolizes more than the monarchy: she is the storybook grandmother, loving and merry, always ready with a Band-Aid or a bag of sweets. Reports TIME London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo:

Wherever the "Queen Mum" went during the monthlong birthday jubilee, which had its finale last week, crowds gathered to cheer her. Regent Street shops were awash in commemorative wares. Gifts—ranging from fishing tackle to a chiffon hat—poured into her residence, Clarence House.

Even Scottish Laborite M.P. Willie Hamilton, who has made a career of being the scourge of all royals, great and small, fell under her spell. "For a fleeting moment my hatchet is buried, my venom dissipated," confessed the man who has called the royal family "gold-plated scroungers." The zealous antimonarchist explained his truce by marveling at the Queen Mother's ability to combine "a love of the countryside, a passion for horses and dogs, an enthusiasm for angling —and, so it is said, a wholesome taste for a wee dram of her native Scotland's national beverage—harmless pleasures which have never interfered with her sense of duty." More than that, those pleasures nourished the charm with which the Queen Mum humanized British royalty. "She came into the royal family from the outside," observes an old friend. "She brought a naturalness and spontaneity that is trained out of royals."

Elizabeth, ninth child of the 14th Earl of Strathmore, lived an unfettered life until she married Prince Albert, second son of King George V. In her public duties, she was unfailingly gracious, with one conspicuous exception: while her brother-in-law, King Edward VIII reigned, she cold-shouldered Wallis Simpson. Her friends say that she could not accept their rejection of duty.

When the crown was thrust upon her shy, stuttering husband after Edward's 1936 abdication, she promised, "We'll do the best we can." Her best was exemplified by a wartime courage that won the lasting devotion of the British. When London's East End was pummeled nightly by bombs, the King and Queen toured blitzed neighborhoods. Elizabeth's reaction when Buckingham Palace was first bombed: "I'm glad it happened—now I can look the East End in the eye."

This gutsy dedication has been relieved by exuberance and a good sense of humor. She once switched off her television set when the national anthem came on, cracking that it was "like hearing the Lord's Prayer when you're playing canasta." Her stables boast 350 winning horses —and when she is not at the track, she follows the races on the same telephone tie-in that serves bookies. She still fishes Scottish streams in waders and an old waterproof jacket, often with Grandson Prince Charles in tow.

At the Covent Garden gala last week for the radiant Queen Mum, the black-tie audience burst into *Happy Birthday* as masses of silver paper discs fluttered from the ceiling. Afterward, she joined cast and staff—janitors, tea ladies, all hands—on-stage to cut a cake. So ended a birthday celebration that was as much a treat for Britain as for the Queen Mum. ■

On the march: a mural in Managua glorifies Nicaragua's revolution; at first anniversary celebration this year, children re-enact the uprising

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Land of the Smoking Gun

Terrorism and turmoil imperil U.S. hopes for moderate reform

"We are in the wildest country and among the wildest people we have ever seen," wrote one of Conquistador Hernán Cortés' commanders about Guatemala in 1524. It was only the first of many unflattering stereotypes of Central America. In the U.S. in the 1850s, the heyday of Manifest Destiny, the region was regarded chiefly as an inviting target for territorial expansion. By the turn of the century, the United Fruit Co. was cheered on as it went buccaneering through the region, buying governmental favors for the sake of more and cheaper bananas. Bananas, in fact, were the *raison d'être* of Central America in the minds of most Americans, who saw the "banana republics" as a comic-opera fiefdom for U.S. commerce.

Today there is nothing amusing about this strife-torn and suffering region, if there ever was. Its five nations with 20 million people make up one of the most impoverished belts of the Western Hemisphere. If the bustling capitals have made it into the modern age, their vast rural areas are still largely shrouded in the semifeudalism of bygone centuries. Except for the transistor radio and the motorcycle, few of the amenities of modern life have ever arrived. Village women weave their own brightly colored dresses on primitive handmade looms. Water is fetched from a common spigot, and ox carts are still a common mode of rural transportation. A glaringly unequal distribution of wealth and land remains a festering source of political instability.

The volcanic terrain seems to reflect the violent conflicts that the region had known even before the Spanish conquistadors first arrived in the 16th century. Nowadays, Central America is once again the land of the smoking gun. It is torn by struggle and threatened by a chain reaction of upheavals that could have far-reaching repercussions throughout the Americas. Warns Lieut. General Wallace Nutting, senior officer of the U.S. Southern Command: "All of Central America could very easily radicalize, and a very substantial wedge would be driven between north and south."

The revolution that toppled Nicaragua's dictator, Anastasio Somoza Debayle, twelve months ago sent shock waves through the region. On the one hand, it stirred yearnings for reform and revolt among both students and the disfranchised peasants; on the other, it prompted panic-stricken oligarchs, determined to retain historic power, to harden their resistance to change. Ironically, while Nicaragua itself has been able to make considerable headway in consolidating its revolution—peacefully, thus far—a spiral of terrorist violence has escalated elsewhere. Lawless gunmen of both the left and right have brought El Salvador and Guatemala to the brink of civil war with an orgy of killings.

Last week alone in El Salvador, where a reformist military-civilian junta is struggling desperately for survival, political

murders claimed some 70 victims. In San Vicente, one youth was found hanging from a highway bridge, a stick of dynamite attached to his chest; another was found on the street, his head lying some yards from his body. Nine other bodies were found tossed in front of churches; each bore a cardboard sign with the all-too-familiar signature of the ultra-rightist *Escuadrón de la Muerte* (Death Squad). In Guatemala City, meanwhile, right-wing Newsman Mario Rivas Montes was machine-gunned to death, apparently by a leftist hit squad.

The mayhem threatens to spill over into Honduras, now in the midst of a delicate transition to civilian rule. If only by proximity, it also sends shudders of unrest even into staunchly democratic Costa Rica. Only Panama, which in fact has never considered itself part of Central America, has been spared direct involvement in the regional strife.

Nowhere has the turmoil caused more concern than in Washington—and with good reason. Though Central America is an area of substantial interest to the U.S., American policy toward it has long been both lackluster and frequently counterproductive. Now the U.S. is faced with a chilling worst-case scenario formulated by its own policymakers. The scenario: a chain reaction of leftist revolutions that might turn the once subservient tropical basin into a rim of hostile Marxist states taking their cues from Castro's Cuba. That concern was underscored in an intelligence report, just released by the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, describing Cuba's role in aiding the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. One political analyst cited in the report, the CIA's Randolph Pherson, stated that "Cuba sees itself as the arsenal, the training center, the adviser and the catalyst for revolution" throughout the region. Other experts, however, give less weight to Cuba's influence in El Salvador and Guatemala.

Whatever the extent of Cuba's involvement, Washington has been trying to counter it with a firmer Central American strategy. It is aimed at expanding U.S. influence in the region and shoring up the beleaguered forces of moderate reform. Many other observers of Central America, however, believe this exercise in damage control may be too late. "The house is burning down, and we're looking for fire insurance," says Historian Richard Millett. "We want easy grace—grace without paying for past sins."

Guatemalan soldiers in camouflage jungle garb perform calisthenics

"They don't realize that simply killing Communists doesn't solve the problem."

Foremost among the American past "sins" in the region was a longstanding policy of supporting cooperative military regimes. The most glaring example of such support: the CIA-engineered military coup that toppled a reform-minded Guatemalan government in 1954. The Carter Administration seemed to foreshadow a change in policy with its human rights campaign. In 1977 Guatemala angrily rejected U.S. military aid because of the human rights provisions attached to it. In 1978, when Somoza's power was already threatened by the Sandinistas, Washington severed its special military relationship with the high-living Nicaraguan dictator. Soon afterward, the Administration announced a total reversal of previous U.S. policy: a shifting from hearty support of the status quo to a zealous advocacy of economic and political reform.

Thus at a time when U.S. interests are being flouted in Iran and Afghanistan, and when even the European allies question America's right and ability to lead the West, Central America has emerged as a major test of U.S. credibility. Says Deputy Assistant Secretary of State James Cheek: "If we cannot be a force for moderate and peaceful change in our own backyard, we cannot do it anywhere. And if we are irrelevant to revolutions, in this world we are doomed." A country-by-country look at the volatile region:

NICARAGUA. Though it sent tremors through the rest of the region, the Sandinista-led revolution has brought a measure of uneasy stability at home. The collective Sandinista leadership, whose ranks include a number of self-proclaimed Marxists, has so far avoided the radical lurch to the left that its critics feared. The revolution that toppled Somoza was followed by no mass executions.

Freedom of the press and political pluralism appear to have been respected to some extent; there are six opposition parties, for example, and a moderate representative of the private sector sits on the ruling five-man junta.

Economically, the new regime has concocted a potpourri of socialism and private enterprise, a program dictated less

Anti-U.S. emblem on wall in San Salvador

Salvadoran guerrillas stand with banner

Salvadoran troops searching for weapons

Clearing the Nation's Air

What the chemical industry is doing to help clean up the air you breathe

The chemical industry was taking steps to prevent pollution long before most of the nation recognized the need for action. Today, almost all of our industry's plants meet or exceed Environmental Protection Agency clean air requirements. But we're not stopping there. Here are some of the actions we're taking to help America breathe easier:

1. Committing billions to clean up

The chemical industry is investing more than any other U.S. manufacturing industry in fighting pollution, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. Since 1976, we have doubled our investment in air pollution control equipment. By the end of 1979, this commitment exceeded $2.6 billion. We are also investing millions of dollars in environmental research. The expenditures for one research program alone are expected to exceed $9 million by the end of 1980.

2. Upgrading plants and processes

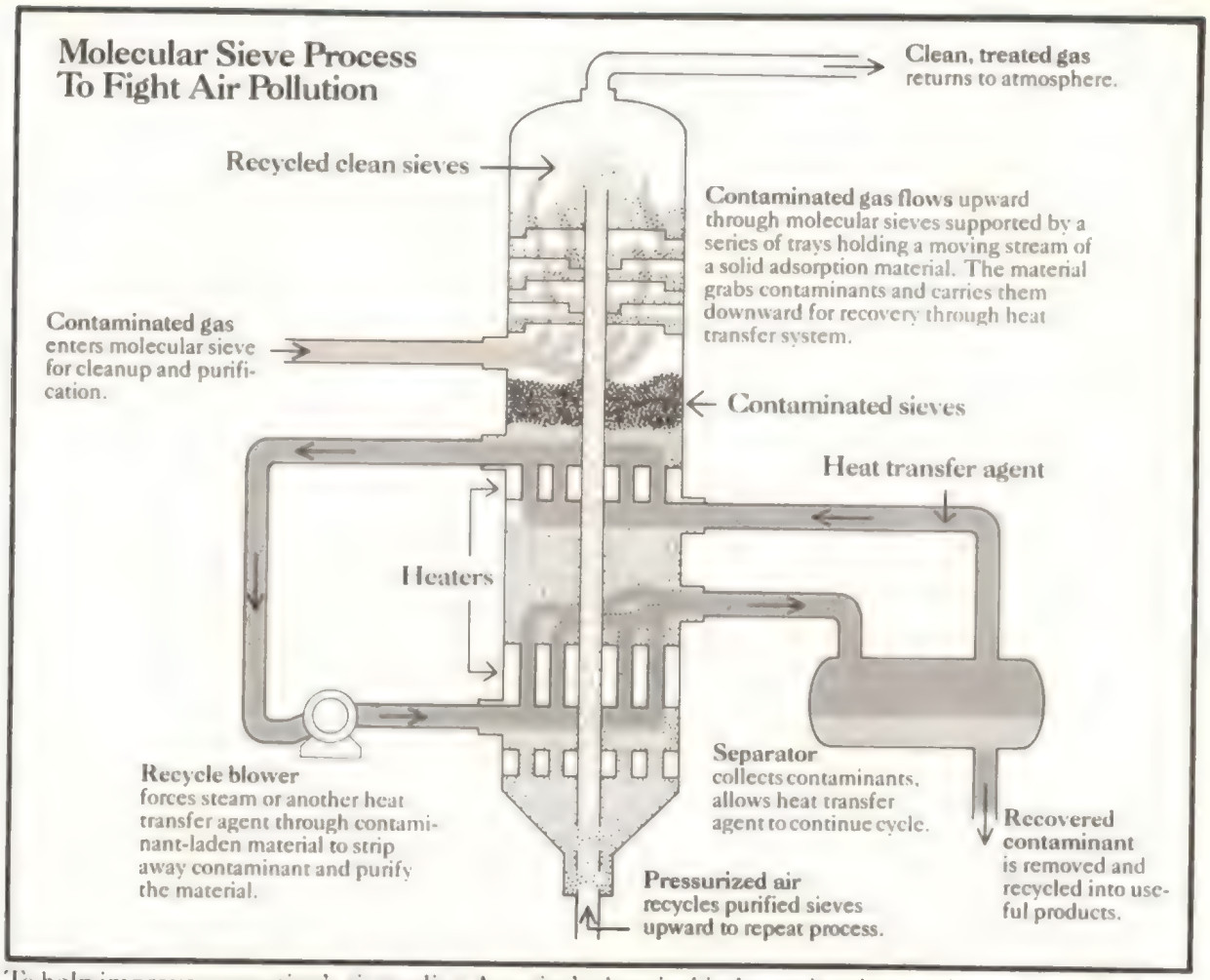
The chemical industry is working hard to make sure its plants and manufacturing processes do not produce emissions that cause harmful pollution. New plant construction includes sophisticated operating equipment and technology. Older, existing plants are being refitted with additional equipment to improve emission control and meet environmental requirements. Through industry research and technology, we continue to develop sophisticated methods to capture and recycle emissions to create useful raw materials from potential pollutants.

3. Trapping particulates more effectively

Some chemical companies use "scrubbers" to help keep contaminants from escaping into the atmosphere. For example, a scrubber at one company helps trap more than 1,300 tons of particulate sulphur each year. Other companies use electrostatic precipitators to help reduce fly ash emissions by nearly 100 percent. Still other companies use "baghouses," which operate like household vacuum cleaners, to keep dusts and solid particles from contaminating the air.

4. Capturing vapors with new technology

Research is helping us find new and better ways to trap and control gaseous wastes before they can escape into the atmosphere. For example: a highly specialized molecular sieve recovers waste sulfur dioxide from the vent gas of sulfuric acid plants for recycling into the acid-making process. Special incinerators help control odorous gases. We've created compounds which can trap specific kinds of pollutant molecules. We've



To help improve our nation's air quality, America's chemical industry is using equipment ranging from simple wet scrubbers to highly sophisticated molecular sieves to remove solids, vapors, and odors.

also developed a "double adsorption" system that sends gases back through adsorption towers for a second cleansing.

5. Getting more employees involved

The chemical industry already has more than 10,000 employees whose sole job is to operate, maintain and monitor pollution control equipment. And we keep adding to this number each year. At one facility, employee programs encouraged ideas which helped eliminate 75,000 tons of air pollutants each year. Some companies have mobile environmental laboratories traveling the countryside to sniff out air emissions and pinpoint the source.

What you've read here is just an overview. For a booklet that tells more about what we're doing to protect the environment, write: Chemical Manufacturers Association, Dept. DT-08, Box 363, Beltsville, MD 20705.

America's Chemical Industry

The member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association

by ideology than dire need. When they took over last year, the Sandinistas inherited a $1.5 billion national debt, $1.3 billion in war damages and an impoverished, largely peasant population. The government launched a number of ambitious reforms, from a sweeping agrarian redistribution and nationalization of banks to a literacy campaign that has already taught some 600,000 people to read and reduced the country's illiteracy rate from 50% to about 12%.

Though suspicious of the Sandinistas' ultimate goals, the Carter Administration has sought to keep them on the road of moderate reform with the promise of some $156.6 million in financial aid. That intended show of support, however, has been diluted by an embarrassing delay in passing an initial appropriation for the paltry sum of $75 million. Thus the new government has consolidated its power with no substantial material help from the U.S. Says one State Department official: "We missed a great opportunity to increase our influence."

Fidel Castro, meanwhile, did not hesitate to show his own support. Within hours of the Sandinista victory, he began sending Cubans to work in Nicaragua as doctors, teachers, engineers and military advisers. Today they total more than 2,000. But Nicaragua does not seem to be turning into a docile Cuban appendage. Says William Baez, director of a private enterprise group: "The government wants to go to some kind of socialist situation, but they don't want another Cuba."

EL SALVADOR. The Nicaraguan example directly influenced the coup that last October toppled El Salvador's own dictator, General Carlos Humberto Romero. In a desperate attempt to pre-empt a Sandinista-style revolution—with Washington's encouragement—a group of moderate military officers seized power. Then, in an effort to satisfy peasant expectations and calm labor unrest, the five-man military-civilian junta made its own attempt at reform. It expropriated some large estates and nationalized the core of the country's banking system.

The reforms failed to check the waves of political violence that have left almost 5,000 dead this year. Much of the killing has been the work of armed rightist gangs, who often operate with the approval of traditional elements within the military. But leftist guerrilla bands have countered with a ruthlessness of their own. The most spectacular example of this cycle of violence and counterviolence was the cold-blooded murder last April of Activist Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, apparently by rightist gunmen. At his funeral, 35 people died in a stampede believed to have been sparked by trigger-happy leftists, who overreacted to an imagined rightist attack.

Even before the Archbishop's murder, the military's strong-arm attempts to maintain order had provoked the angry walkout of two civilians in the ruling junta. The junta averted collapse only when a leading moderate, Christian Democrat Party Leader José Napoleón Duarte, was persuaded to join it last March. Its hold on power, however, remains tenuous because it is caught in a vise between the right and the left. Earlier this year a rightist coup that would have ushered in a full-scale military takeover was quashed at the last minute, mostly because Washington threatened an aid cutoff if it was carried out.

The left, meanwhile, has managed to bring its faction-ridden forces together into a "Democratic Revolutionary Front" that combines Marxist guerrilla bands with more moderate reform groups. The guerrillas, who have some 3,000 men under arms, are not yet a match for the 15,000-man Salvadoran army. But they have long promised a full-scale military insurrection, and there are signs that it may soon get under way. Skirmishes between guerrilla bands and army units near the Honduran border last month left at least 30 soldiers and 100 guerrillas dead.

San José, Costa Rica's bustling capital

The one golden link in the chain.

The economy, meanwhile, has come to a virtual halt. The wave of kidnapings and terrorism has frightened away investment. The result: 30% unemployment and runaway inflation. Warns Accountant Hector Figueros of San Salvador: "If there is no economic assistance, the country will collapse." Washington has offered $50 million in financial aid. While admitting that the outlook is bleak, State Department officials profess some heavily guarded optimism. Last week, for example, they were gratified by the junta's promise to set a timetable for "popular and free elections" within 30 days. Observes a Latin America expert: "The government has survived, and that in itself is miraculous."

GUATEMALA. The upheavals in Nicaragua and El Salvador, in turn, have fed a rightist backlash in Guatemala. The main source of right-wing violence is the Secret Anti-Communist Army (ESA), a vigilante organization that appears to enjoy the cooperation of the country's repressive military leaders. The group's avowed mission: "Annihilate the left"—meaning anyone from a Marxist guerrilla to a moderate reformer. As in El Salvador, victims of ultraright hit squads include university students and professors, journalists, union leaders, priests and opposition politicians, many of whom have been tortured and mutilated. Armed leftists, meanwhile, have launched sporadic guerrilla attacks, including the bombing last month of a military convoy truck in Guatemala City. The leftists also appear to be winning some support among the country's 3.4 million poverty-stricken Indians, who constitute almost half the population.

Amid this escalating violence, U.S.-Guatemalan relations have sunk to a new low. Washington's pleas for democratic reform have gone unheeded. Like rightists throughout the region, Guatemala's military rulers appear to have written off the Carter Administration in hopes that a Reagan victory in November will reverse U.S. policy.

Despite the political chaos and repression, Guatemala's economy is growing by almost 5% a year, largely because of the country's increased nickel production and its new status as an oil exporter (258,000 bbl. sent to the U.S. since March). But most of the country's wealth remains concentrated in a few hands, despite a growing middle class. State Department experts believe that the country's potential prosperity could avert a total revolutionary upheaval, but only if political and social reforms are adopted. Says one frustrated U.S. official: "What they don't understand is that simply killing Communists doesn't solve the problem."

HONDURAS. The poorest country in the region, Honduras has so far experienced little of the political turmoil that has plagued its neighbors. Though military regimes have ruled for most of the past 17 years, the country's main problem is not repression but corruption. Honduras was rocked by scandal in 1975, when Strongman López Arellano resigned in the face of charges that he had taken a $1.2 million bribe from United Brands, successor to the United Fruit Co.

Since then, there has been some progress toward democratic reform. The current provisional President, General Policarpo Paz García, has agreed to cede power to a civilian government that will be elected next year. Last April's voting for a Constitutional Assembly gave a majority to the old Liberal Party, which was last in office in 1963, and made its lead-

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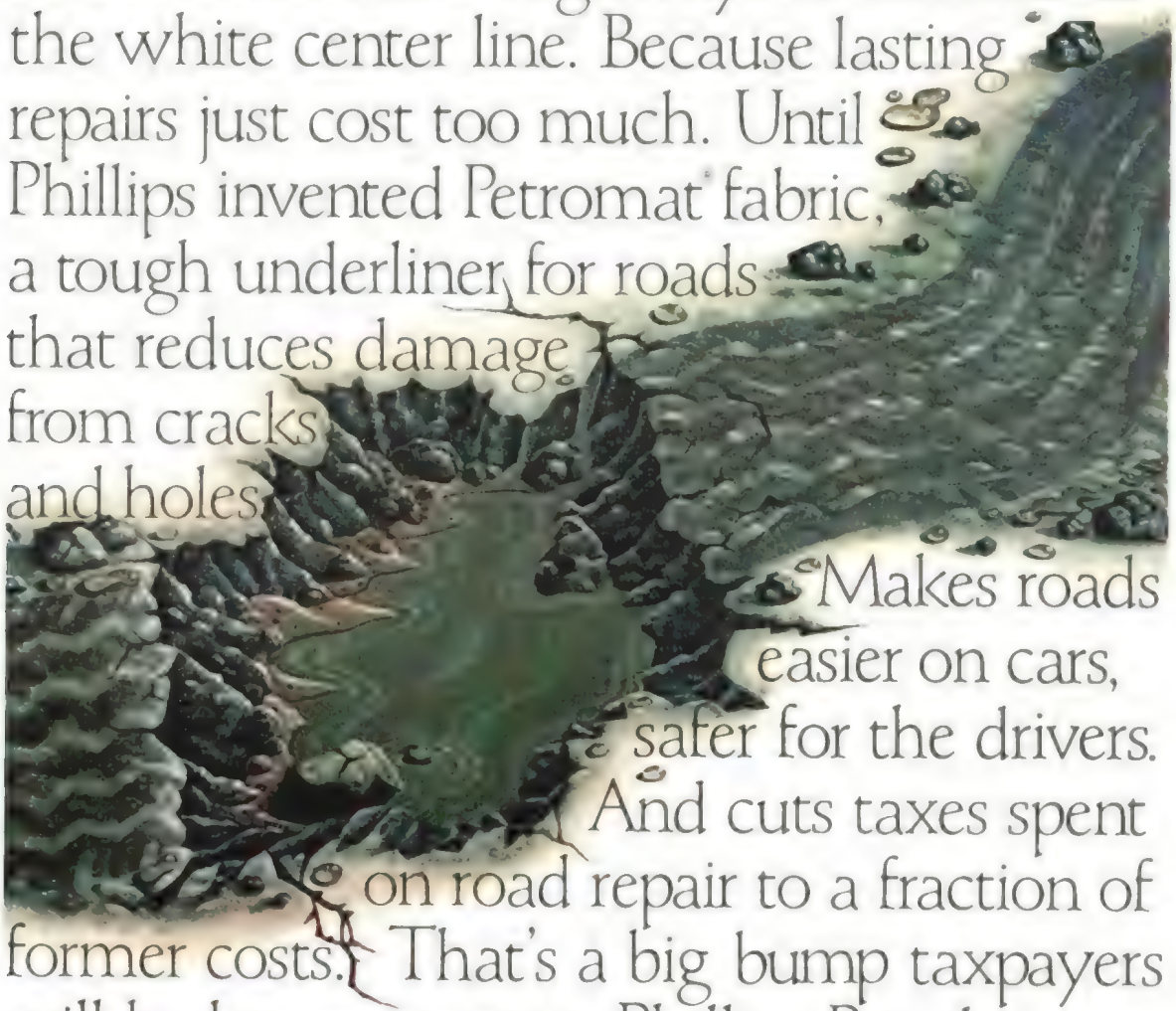

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er, Roberto Suazo Córdova, 53, the front runner in next spring's presidential contest. Meanwhile, the Paz García government, relatively moderate for a military regime, has raised minimum wages and begun to redistribute land in an effort to stave off social unrest.

While clearly pleased with this swing back to constitutional government, Washington is concerned that Honduras might be used as a conduit for arms shipped to the Salvadoran guerrillas from Cuba and elsewhere. There have also been reports that thousands of Somoza's former national guardsmen are holed up in Honduras and plotting a counterrevolution against the Sandinistas. Partly to help the Honduran government guard against such infiltration, Washington has offered it a $3.5 million military-aid package.

COSTA RICA. The one golden link in the Central American chain appears to be Costa Rica, with its 32-year history of peaceful democratic government. But the blessings of political stability have recently been clouded by economic difficulties. Although it boasts the region's highest per capita income ($1,650), the country ran up a formidable $650 million trade deficit last year, mainly because of spiraling oil bills. The result has been declining growth, rising food prices and increased labor unrest. Warns Economist Angel Rodríguez Echeverría: "Unless we resolve our economic problems, Costa Rica could become vulnerable to the troubles of other Central American countries."

Some relief is coming from a petroleum pool that has just been created by Mexico and Venezuela, Latin America's major oil producers. The agreement, providing 160,000 bbl. to the region's petroleum importers with 30% credit, was signed last week in the Costa Rican capital of San José by Mexico's President José López Portillo and Venezuela's President Luis Herrera Campins. The magnanimity was in keeping with the two countries' intensifying roles as concerned economic godfathers to Central America.

Costa Rica played a godfather role of its own during the Nicaraguan civil war: President Rodrigo Carazo tacitly aided the Sandinistas by allowing them to ship arms across his territory and establish training camps along his border. The Sandinistas even set up their government in exile in San José. That role apparently caused some frictions with Washington at the time, but the Carazo government remains strongly pro-U.S. and anti-Communist. Says former Foreign Minister Gonzalo Facio Segreda confidently: "If the extreme left takes power in El Salvador, the rest of Central America will go to the leftists—but not Costa Rica." Perhaps so. If it came to that, however, it would be small consolation to admire one shining pearl at the bottom of a sea of anti-American trouble. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Mexico City and Roberto Suro/Washington*

New Breed of Activist Envoys

The U.S. Ambassador's hilltop residence in Managua, Nicaragua, is so imposing that it might easily be mistaken for a presidential palace or deluxe resort hotel. For decades the 20-room mansion was a fitting accessory to the role performed by a series of U.S. envoys. In those days, the American Ambassador was among the capital's top VIPs, acting as a kind of proconsul for U.S. commercial interests and as a guardian of the local status quo.

All that has changed. When Lawrence Pezzullo first arrived as U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua, he abandoned the monumental official residence for smaller quarters. Pezzullo, 54, is one of a new breed of U.S. envoys in Central America who have come to be called the "activists." Their job is to promote human rights and moderate reform, and to build bridges with the opposition as well as with the government. At the same time, they must think fast and, when necessary, take independent action without instructions from Washington. "Perhaps more than ambassadors anywhere else in the world," says one State Department official, "they are implementing policy."

Nicaragua's Pezzullo

Often described as "gutsy" and "street smart" by fellow diplomats, onetime School Teacher Pezzullo is judged to be particularly effective in developing personal ties with Nicaragua's revolutionary Sandinista rulers at a time when nation-to-nation bonds are anything but happy. Relations between Washington and Managua were especially sticky during congressional stalling on the $75 million aid package. By the time it was approved, the Sandinistas were no longer grateful, to say the least. Pezzullo, who had fought hard for the aid's passage, managed to minimize the political damage.

Pezzullo also played a hand in another touchy episode. He delicately indicated U.S. support for the Sandinista proposal to replace two moderate junta members, who had resigned, with representatives of similar beliefs. Says one of Pezzullo's superiors in Washington: "Larry had to make it clear as day that we considered private-sector representation on the junta a crucial matter, but he had to do it with such a light touch that the Sandinistas could not protest that we were bullying our way into their internal affairs."

El Salvador's White

Another vigorous advocate of reform has been Robert White, 53, the U.S. envoy in El Salvador. In a daring speech to the local Chamber of Commerce, White accused wealthy Salvadorans of resisting reforms and condoning repression. When barricaded in his residence by a rightist mob, he calmly sat out the siege, listening to classical music. Later, he escaped under a diversionary volley of tear gas fired by his Marine bodyguards. Says one official familiar with White's tactics: "When you are trying to promote economic growth, you write reports. When you're trying to stop torture, you have to get your hands dirty."

Conservative North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms has labeled White a "leftist" and a "dangerous ideologue," and he succeeded in holding up Senate approval of White's appointment as ambassador for six weeks. In fact, White is on record as saying: "It is very important that the armed leftist extreme not be victorious in El Salvador, and the U.S. will do everything it can to prevent such an outcome."

One envoy who has not fit the State Department's new bill for "fast action and flying from the seat of their pants," as one official overseeing Latin American policy describes it, is Frank Ortiz, U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala. A sophisticated career diplomat with a long, successful record, Ortiz, 54, was recently accused by some of his superiors of not being tough enough on Guatemala's military rulers, and of neglecting contacts with the opposition. After just one year on the job, Ortiz will be replaced by a vigorous human rights advocate, George Landau, 60, who as U.S. Ambassador to Chile did battle with President Augusto Pinochet's repressive regime.

To Shoot or Not to Shoot

Despite reforms, the police use of deadly force still draws fire

In a Baltimore pizza parlor, a patrolman shoots and cripples JaWan McGee, a black youth, after seeing him reach for a shiny object in his pocket. It turns out to be a cigarette lighter. In Flint, Mich., an unarmed teen-ager fleeing a burglary is shot in the back by a policeman with a shotgun. In Chicago, three plainclothesmen severely beat a former mental patient who refuses to stop smoking in a subway car and resists arrest. Five hours later, he is dead. In Philadelphia, a 94-year-old black man who refuses to let utility company representatives into his apartment is shot and killed when a police officer breaks down the door and sees him clutching a starter's gun.

Across the U.S., an average of two people are killed by the police every day. Many of the fatalities are unavoidable, and indeed a necessary part of law enforcement. Those that are not, however, constitute what critics call a form of capital punishment, carried out with no trial and at times no chance whatsoever for a moment's reflection. In a nation of 220 million people, the number of such killings may seem small, but it is large enough to concern law-enforcement, legal and community groups; it also causes bitterness and violence among blacks and other minorities who believe they are the most likely victims.

In 1968 the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorders cited blacks' outrage over police brutality as a prime cause of rioting in ghetto neighborhoods. If any reminders were needed that the problem persists, the past few months' headlines have provided several. The rioting that rocked Miami in May erupted after four white Dade County officers were acquitted of various charges in the beating death of a black businessman. What one Justice Department official calls "the undeclared war between police and minorities" is a contributing factor in outbreaks of violence within the past year in such cities as Wichita, Kans., and Birmingham.

Police authorities in many big cities are trying to lower the death toll by devising departmental rules limiting the use of deadly force and by punishing patrolmen who go too far. Typically, the regulations prohibit such force except under extraordinary circumstances: for example, when a policeman believes that his life or someone else's is in jeopardy, or when there is no other way to stop a violent felony in progress. Many of these new codes are backed up by elaborate review systems that investigate each discharge of a police gun and call for disciplinary action or referral for criminal proceedings if a committee concludes that there was a violation. "Every time an officer uses a firearm," says Lieut. Thomas Flanagan of the New York police department, "he knows that a lot of people will be looking over his shoulder to see if he did right." In New York, fatal shootings by police dropped from 93 in 1971—the year before the department adopted a new deadly force policy—to 28 last year.

Up until this wave of modern programs, the only restraints were those imposed by state laws, which in many cases allowed police to use deadly force to stop any "fleeing felon." The right to kill dates from the days when fewer crimes were classified as felonies and all were punishable by death. Even the more progressive statutes enacted by some states in recent years, however, leave police with broad discretion to decide when such force is necessary, so the adoption of tight local guidelines can make a big difference.

JaWan McGee in his wheelchair

Necessary act or punishment without trial?

Whatever the applicable laws or departmental rules, the most important restraint on trigger-happy policemen is the rigor with which their superiors enforce disciplinary policy. Says Lawrence Sherman, research director for the Police Foundation in Washington: "The chief can have a restrictive policy and wink at it—and the cops will go on shooting." Police departments in Houston, Los Angeles and Philadelphia have strict guidelines but still rank fairly high in the use of violence.

The greatest progress in reducing the racial tension surrounding deadly force has been made in the handful of cities, such as Detroit and Atlanta, that have elected black mayors. Coleman Young denounced the Detroit police department's "old blackjack rule by terror" during his successful mayoral campaign in 1973. Since assuming office he has more than doubled the percentage of blacks on the force to 35% and instituted an effective board of civilian commissioners, which examines complaints against police. Fatal shootings by Detroit police dropped from 28 in 1975 to 21 last year. Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, who also made deadly force a major issue in his 1973 campaign, has appointed two blacks to head the city's department of public safety since 1974. He can point to a decline in fatal shootings, from 23 the year before he took office to three last year.

Police officers themselves have mixed feelings about the effort to cut down on deadly force. "We don't like it," says one Houston sergeant, "but we do it to prove to the public that we can clean up our act." No doubt very few officers would willingly be responsible for a suspect's death. Yet their work frequently puts them in situations where deadly force all too quickly comes to seem the first and only resort: when a traffic violator suddenly reaches under the dashboard, for example, or when a shadowy figure approaches them in a dark alley. In parts of New York's South Bronx, virtually every child over ten carries a handgun or a knife, and so far this year seven law-enforcement officers have been killed in New York City. The policeman's frustration is summed up by a Dade County patrolman who was assigned to the tense streets of Miami's Liberty City: "They gave me a rifle and told me to stand out on the corner where all the shooting was going on, but they told me not to shoot anybody. Why didn't they just give me a pocketful of rocks?" ■

Compact Sum

Ford agrees to Pinto payout

The Ford Motor Co. paid defense lawyers more than $1 million to fight Indiana's charges that, because of design faults, it was guilty of reckless homicide in the fiery deaths of three teen-agers whose Pinto was rear-ended in 1978. After a dramatic trial, the giant automaker won. Last week it compensated the parents of the three girls. The total amount: $22,500. In exchange, the families promised not to sue Ford in civil court. The $7,500-a-person payoff is a mere fraction of the million-dollar settlement Ford has agreed to in some of the 50 civil suits involving the ill-fated car. ■

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An all-star cast picketing the 20th Century-Fox studios in Los Angeles: Henry Winkler, Walter Matthau and Ed Asner

Lights! Camera! Inaction!

The Big Celebrity Show on Pico Boulevard

It looked like a rehearsal for *Celebrity Allstars*. Rarely have so many famous TV and movie names come together in one spot: Carroll O'Connor, Erik Estrada, Ed Asner, Henry Winkler, Cheryl Ladd, John Forsythe, Telly Savalas, Alan Alda, Hal Linden, Walter Matthau. But the actors who gathered last week in front of the 20th Century-Fox studios on Pico Boulevard were not playing roles. They were marching up and down Pico as part of a strike that has stopped production of most new TV shows and feature films.

Since it began July 21, the strike has halted work on about 50 TV series and more than 20 films, including those being shot on location. The cast and crew of MGM's *Rich and Famous*, starring Candice Bergen and Jacqueline Bisset, were called home from Manhattan. MTM Enterprises, which had finally been persuaded to shoot an episode of *WKRP in Cincinnati* in Cincinnati, was forced to stop after only two days. "It took us three years to get them here," wailed Mari Barnum, Ohio film bureau manager. "If we run into weather problems after the strike is over, the whole thing goes down the drain." Some feature films have already been canceled. The only ones now shooting are those, like *On Golden Pond* and *Ragtime*, whose producers agreed beforehand to whatever terms are negotiated.

The next casualty of the strike may be the fall television schedule. If the work stoppage continues beyond mid-August, all three commercial networks—PBS is not affected—will probably have to push the season's premiere from mid-September into October. Some series, such as ABC's *The Love Boat* and CBS's *Lou Grant*, completed several episodes before the strike began; many others, like CBS's *Dallas*, have none in condition to go on the air.

Not wanting to give information—or comfort—to the unions involved, the networks refuse to say what they would do if the season is delayed. But it does not take a Fred Silverman to surmise that they would depend heavily on old movies, news, game shows, sports events and, of course, reruns—lots and lots of reruns. NBC has an advantage, if it can be called that, in having more unacted shows than the other two networks: *Real People*, *Speak Up America* and *Games People Play*. It also has TV rights to the World Series, which opens in early October.

The strike may go into extra innings. The last walkout by the actors ran for six weeks in 1960. This one could go on even longer, for both sides know that the outcome will determine, for years to come, how the industry will divide the profits from the new technology: pay TV, video discs and video cassettes. "It is important that this strike not be minimized," says Winkler, almost unrecognizable behind a thick beard. "Ninety-eight percent of actors aren't as fortunate as I am. If we don't do this now, we won't get our just due down the road."

Charlie's Angels' David Doyle, Cheryl Ladd

Actors have always felt that they have not received their fair share of the profits from movies shown on TV and shows in syndication. "Some of the most creative people in Hollywood are in accounting," comments Linden wryly. The actors, nearly 89% of whom earn less than $10,000 a year, are determined to get a better deal on profits that the networks and producing companies make from pay TV and all the other new gadgetry. They want 6% of all such profits, beginning with the first dollar. The producers are offering 3.6%—but only after the show or movie has played the circuit for as long as two years.

The industry argues that the actors' demands may inhibit the new markets, which have barely got off the ground. "It doesn't make sense for an industry which is just getting started to give away money from the first dollar," says Industry Spokesman Philip Myers, a Fox executive. "We say: Give us a chance to get the industry started first."

Nobody, in any event, seems in much of a hurry to settle. Ed Asner growled that the producers were acting as if "they'll bulldoze the studios into parking lots. We'll wait for that. We're gonna be out here if it takes all summer." It just might, and come fall, parents may be able to answer that eternal question of childhood: What did people do before they invented television? —*By Gerald Clarke. Reported by James Willwerth/Los Angeles*

People

Would-Be Olympian Hope eggs on the 1984 mascot

And you thought Moscow's **Misha** was un-bearable. Take a gander at **Bald Eagle Sam,** official mascot of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. **Bob Hope** did, when the creature was unveiled at Los Angeles city hall on the day after his Soviet predecessor went into hibernation. Sam, hatched at nearby Walt Disney studios, struck some observers as a rather poultry imitation of the U.S. national bird. Hope did not duck the issue. "He has a good makeup man," the comedian said, game-ly, and confessed his own regret at not participating in the Olympics. Clucked Hope: "Too bad gin rummy and beanbag don't qualify."

■

For former Screen Bombshell **Anita Ekberg,** *la vita* is no longer very *dolce*. Bulkier than in those fair-weather days in 1960 when she frolicked in Trevi Fountain for **Federico Fellini's** camera, the former Miss Sweden has been keeping house in the Alban Hills south of Rome. Barely keeping it, that is. The actress, who has not been seen much by U.S. audiences since *Fangs of the Living Dead* (1973), has been robbed twice in the past few years. To make matters worse, a local court last month ordered the cottage vacated. But until the eviction takes effect some time after mid-September, she remains in her villa —without a phone, declining to speak to outsiders and doggedly doing her own laundry.

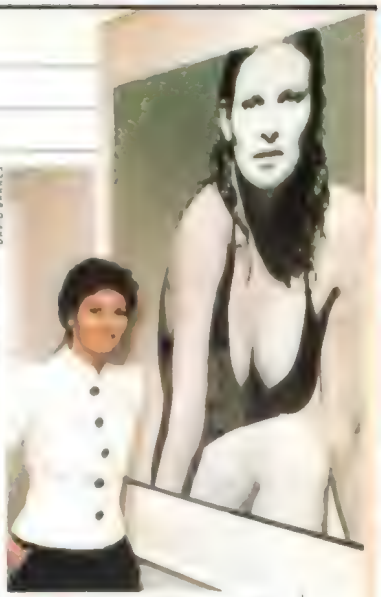
■

"I'm a late bloomer," confesses **Raquel Welch** on the eve of her 40th birthday. "My mind and my experience have caught up to my body. I feel proud of the way I look, the way I feel. Who could have a better life?" Who indeed! To celebrate the sweetness of midlife, the sex kitten of the '60s posed for a series of birthday portraits by celebrated Fashion Photographer **Victor Skrebneski.** The pictures went on display last week at the Richard Gray Gallery in Chicago, her birthplace. "They are beautiful, just extraordinary," said Raquel. "That's why I chose to drop the woman's prerogative not to tell her age and share my pride with other women." And men.

■

Playwright **Tennessee Williams** is madder than a cat on a hot tin roof about the reviews that crumpled his *Clothes for a Summer Hotel* as soon as it opened on Broadway last March. "I'll never open a play in New York again," he vows. Williams is therefore discussing an alliance with the Goodman Theater in Chicago, hoping the city that raved about the premiere of his first play, *The Glass Menagerie*, will once again be his kind of town. "This move was forced on me," insists the Pulitzer prizewinner. "I can't get good press from the New York *Times*, and [critics] Harold Clurman, Brendan Gill and Jack Kroll hate me." Williams says he has one new full-length play and four shorter ones ready for Windy City production. He adds: "I put too much of my heart in them to have them demolished by some querulous old aisle sitters."

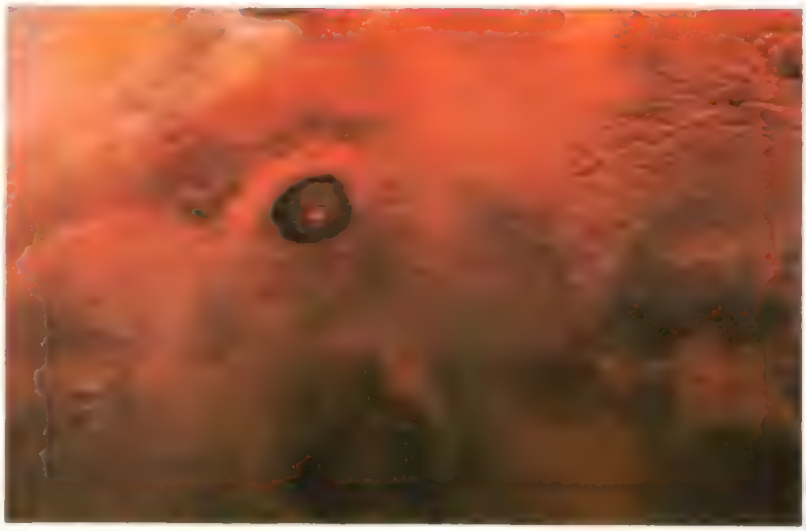
— By Claudia Wallis



Raquel and portrait bloom at 40

Actress Anita Ekberg plays *lavandaia* in a cottage outside Rome

Burned on Broadway, Tennessee Williams warms to his kind of town



View from Viking Orbiter 1 of Tharsis Ridge, the major volcanic region of Mars

Farewell to the Red Planet

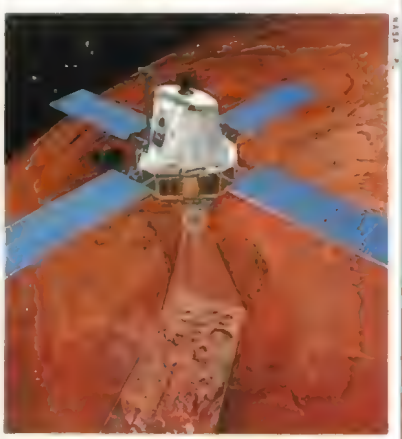
A faithful robot orbiting Mars finally runs out of gas

Precisely on schedule one day last week, controllers at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., sent an electronic command leaping across 164 million miles of space. With that, Viking Orbiter 1, which has been faithfully circling Mars once every 47½ hours for the past four years, expelled its last puff of steering gas. No longer maneuverable, its electrical systems silenced, the unmanned spacecraft will now slowly sink until it finally crashes into Mars some time after the year 2019.

Even the cool NASA professionals in the control room were not unmoved. With the orbiter's death came the end of another phase of the $1 billion Project Viking, the most ambitious mission to another planet to date. Back in 1975, twin spacecraft, each consisting of an orbiter and a lander, were sent off to Mars. A key objective: to determine if the Red Planet harbors life. After going into Martian orbit ten months later, the mated spacecraft split apart. Their spider-legged landers touched down on the surface, while the orbiters continued patrolling overhead, mapping the planet with their cameras and acting as relay stations for the instrument packages below.

The ships were superb performers. Because of a surprisingly effective design and careful use of fuel, they far exceeded their anticipated lifetime of 90 days. Before the demise of the orbiters —the first went silent in 1978—they sent back 51,539 photographs, including a final series of color views of Tharsis Ridge, site of three major volcanoes with an average elevation of 17 km (10.8 miles) and two smaller ones. Besides confirming past volcanic activity, Viking provided closeup glimpses of the reddish, rocky Martian soil, monitored weather changes including violent dust storms and discovered significant quantities of water (as atmospheric vapor, polar ice and permafrost). But Viking failed to find any signs of life, although biological tests showed certain quirky chemical activity in the soil.

Despite the orbiter's death last week, the JPL controllers will still get occasional glimpses from the Martian surface. One lander remains operational and, although it has lost its partner in the Martian sky, it has been programmed to keep its antenna pointed directly to earth and send a weekly report from Mars until it too finally runs out of fuel in 1994. ■



Drawing of spacecraft on Martian patrol

Even the cool profs were not unmoved.

Bye Columbus

Did the Chinese arrive first?

To the Chinese, Columbus has never been much of a hero. Three years ago, a Chinese historical journal denounced him as a "colonial pirate" for setting sail to pillage Asia. Now a Chinese scholar is claiming that Columbus may have been beaten to the New World by a 5th century Buddhist monk named Huishen.

Sinologists have long known of the monk's voyage to a mysterious land called Fusang. But its location has been a source of contention. So has the veracity of his tales, which were questioned even by his contemporaries. Still, some modern scholars say Fusang could have been real, perhaps Japan or even the Pacific Coast.

In the latest issue of the official magazine *China Reconstructs*, Maritime Historian Fang Zhongpu purports to solve the puzzle. His prime evidence: a 35-kg (80-lb.) doughnut-shaped stone discovered in 1972 off Point Conception, near Santa Barbara, Calif. Fang says that the stone is a clear sign of a pre-Columbian Chinese visitation, and he cites the testimony of some American scientists to back him. Roland Von Huene, the U.S. Geological Survey marine geologist who first spotted the curious object, recalls: "The center hole had clearly been made by tools."

Key stone

James Moriarty, a University of San Diego marine archaeologist, identifies it as a so-called messenger stone, probably of ancient Chinese origin. Such a stone could be sent sliding down an anchor chain, via the hole, to strip away accumulations of seaweed. Another stony relic, discovered five years ago off Los Angeles by two sports divers, Wayne Baldwin and Robert Miestrell, also hints at an early Chinese presence. To Moriarty and his assistant, Archaeologist Larry Pierson, it looks very much like the type of millstone known to have been used by Chinese sailors as anchors.

Other scholars are not so sure. USGS Mineralogist Ching Chang Woo, who was born in Canton, tried to date the messenger stone from its mineral crust, but could not do so because the sea deposits such materials at varying rates. Former U.C.L.A. Archaeologist William Clewlow allows that the stones are "enticing bits of evidence," but "just aren't conclusive."

Fang is far more positive. By the 3rd century A.D., he notes, Chinese merchant seamen had reached the Indian Ocean and could reckon their sailing speeds and distances. "So it would have been quite possible for Chinese ships to cross the Pacific in the 5th century." ■

Medicine

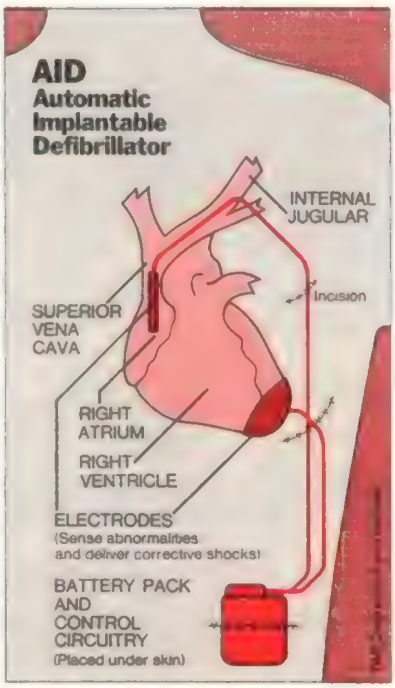
Cardiac Shocks

Space-age help for the heart

Each year 300,000 people in the U.S. die from cardiac arrest, usually caused by uncontrolled contraction of muscle fibers in the heart's pumping chambers. Known as ventricular fibrillation, these attacks cut off circulation and halt the flow of blood to the brain. Only powerful electrical shocks administered directly to the chest or heart with bulky machines called defibrillators seem to stop such life-threatening episodes. But all too often, victims are stricken at home or in the streets and help does not arrive in time.

Last week a team of doctors and scientists at Sinai Hospital of Baltimore and Johns Hopkins University announced the successful use in patients of a space-age machine that may eventually avert many such deaths. Their device: a mini-defibrillator, only about as big as a cigarette pack, that can be implanted in the patient's body, where it continually monitors the heart and, if attacks occur, automatically orders up charges of electricity to jolt the heart back into a normal rhythm.

Twelve years in development at a cost of $4 million, AID (for Automatic Implantable Defibrillator) is largely a triumph for Cardiologist Michel Mirowski, 55, who migrated from Israel with the aim of perfecting it against almost unanimous medical opposition. Experts doubted that such miniaturized equipment could work inside the body. The implant's electronic heart and soul is its microcircuitry. Designed by Dr. M.S. Heilman and Engineer Alois Langer at Medrad/Intec Systems, a small medical technology firm in Pittsburgh, the little package (total weight: 250 grams, or 9 oz.) is placed just under the skin of the abdomen. In a 1½-hour operation, two electrodes are led to the heart—one through veins to the right atrium, the other to the tip of the heart's ventricles. Unlike pacemakers, which give a steady stream of tiny electric prods to a sluggish heart, the defibrillator is programmed not to interfere with the heart's normal pattern. Rather, it responds only to severe aberrations in beat, and within 15 to 20 seconds administers a corrective shock (700 volts) that a conscious patient feels as a sharp tingle. If the heart does not resume normal beating, the defibrillator commands up to three more jolts. During the three-year life of its lithium batteries, it would be able to provide as many as 100 shocks.



Mirowski and his colleagues have implanted the device in six people, all of whom had already been stricken at least twice by episodes of cardiac arrest. Since their surgery, the patients have experienced a total of eleven cardiac incidents; during all but two of them, the machine restored normal heartbeat. One patient died even though the defibrillator worked faultlessly. The doctors shut down the device in a 16-year-old Pennsylvania boy because his heartbeat was so rapid that it triggered frequent shocks. The device is now being reprogrammed to accept the boy's quick pulse. The longest user is a 57-year-old California woman who, after six months with a defibrillator, is leading a normal life.

In an editorial that accompanies the Baltimore team's report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Cardiologist James Willerson of the University of Texas in Dallas notes that the device (expected unit cost: $5,000) is still very experimental. Willerson is also worried that there may be damaging scarring of heart tissue from repeated shocks. But despite these cautionary words, he calls the mini-defibrillator "a potentially important therapeutic contribution" for the care of ailing hearts. ■

Milestones

SEEKING DIVORCE. JoJo Starbuck, 29, former Ice Capades star; from **Terry Bradshaw,** 31, quarterback who has led the Pittsburgh Steelers to four N.F.L. championships; after four years of marriage, in which the two born-again Christians were known as Pittsburgh's "golden couple"; no children; in Pittsburgh.

DIVORCED. Pete Rose, 39, flamboyant first baseman for the Philadelphia Phillies; and **Karolyn Rose,** 38, his wife of 16 years and mother of their two children; on grounds of neglect; in Cincinnati.

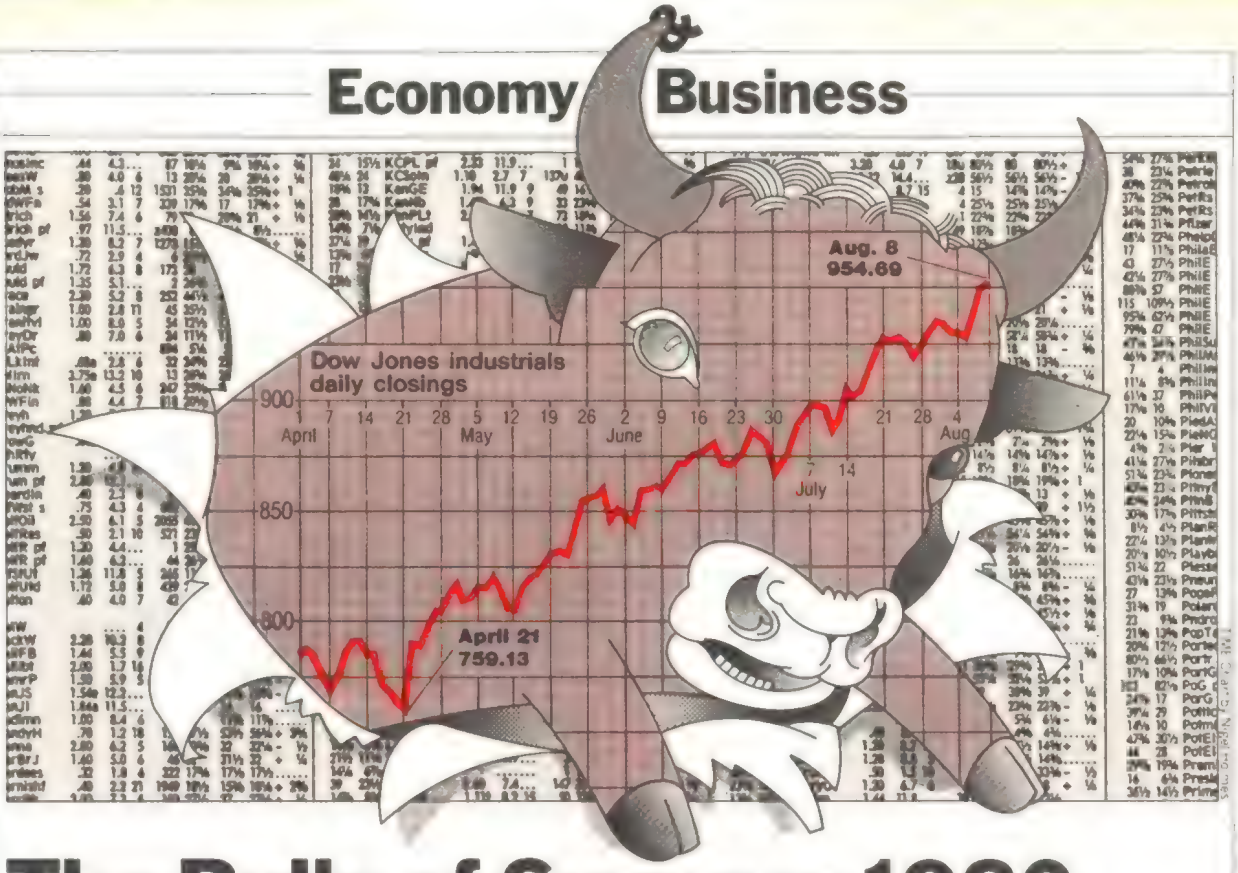
DIVORCED. Harold Pinter, 49, English playwright, stage director and screenwriter; and **Vivien Merchant,** 51, English actress who appeared in many of her husband's plays; after 24 years of marriage, one son; in London. Since 1975 Pinter has been living with Lady Antonia Fraser, 47, author of bestselling biographies and thrillers and divorced wife of Tory M.P. Sir Hugh Fraser.

DIED. Jacqueline Cochran, seventyish, writer, businesswoman and pioneer pilot who held more speed, distance and altitude records than any other flyer of her era, which spanned biplanes and supersonic bombers; of heart failure; near Palm Springs, Calif. Wife of Industrialist Floyd Odlum, she covered Japan's surrender and the Nuremberg trials as a correspondent, once described the life that began in hardscrabble Southern lumber camps as a rise "from sawdust to stardust."

DIED. Marino Marini, 79, one of Italy's leading sculptors, especially noted for his equestrian statues; in Viareggio, Italy. Marini's early horsemen were serene monuments to man's power over nature. With time his horses became more strained and frantic in their poses, the riders less in control.

DIED. Donald Ogden Stewart, 85, amiable humorist, playwright and Hollywood screenwriter who was blacklisted during the 1950s; of heart disease; in London. There is an antic hilarity in his most successful screenplays, including *Holiday* and *The Philadelphia Story*, for which he won an Oscar in 1941. He was attacked as a Communist as early as 1938; in 1950 McCarthyite harassment caused him to leave the U.S., and he never returned. His wife, Ella Winter Stewart, 82, radical activist and former wife of Muckraker Lincoln Steffens, died of a stroke three days after Stewart.

DIED. Willis D. Crittenberger, 89, retired U.S. Army lieutenant general who led the allies from Rome to the Po River in World War II; in Chevy Chase, Md. During 326 days of continuous combat, his IV Corps, composed of American, British, Indian, Brazilian, South African and Italian troops, freed more than 600 cities and towns, captured remnants of 23 German divisions and closed the Alpine passes so that enemy troops could not join the main German armies in Europe.



The Bulls of Summer 1980

Having soared since April, can the "Reagan market" keep going?

While most of the headlines this hot summer have been dwelling on elephants, donkeys, and dog days in the economy, the bulls have pulled a fast one. Shrugging off gloomy news about rising unemployment, sagging industrial production and red ink all over Detroit, stock prices have been surging steadily for almost four months. Last week, following a spate of near-panic buying that sent total trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange well above 50 million shares on two successive days, the Dow Jones average of 30 blue-chip industrial stocks closed at 954.69, its highest level since March 1977. The Dow's rise of about 200 points, or 26%, since its late April nadir was read almost everywhere on Wall Street as a sign that the low point of the 1980 recession is all but past. Says William LeFevre, vice president of the Purcell, Graham & Co. brokerage firm in Manhattan: "What the market seems to be saying is that the bottom may be at hand. The worst is over."

Buyers, including the banks, pension funds and other large institutions that account for 70% of share-trading activity, have been so eager to buy stocks that a total of 1,021 billion shares changed hands in July alone, the second busiest month in Wall Street history; the heaviest was last January, when prices also rose sharply, only to be sent plunging down later when inflation and interest rates climbed into double digits. The hunger for stocks has lifted not only the Dow's lately depressed industrials but also the broad stock averages. Since the end of March, the composite index of the 1,531 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has risen by 28%, while the yardstick for the 880 firms traded on the American Stock Exchange has climbed 48%.

Blue chips have done well: once battered IBM has climbed from its April low of 51 to 65¼, and even the beleaguered auto companies are turning up on brokers' "recommended" lists. Though General Motors announced the worst quarterly loss in its history ($412 million) last month, its stock has moved up from its April low of 39½ to 54⅛, reflecting investors' confidence that most of the company's troubles were out of the way. The highest fliers have been companies involved in advanced technology or in-demand specialties. Two big gainers: Dataproducts Corp., a computer technology company that has soared from 12¾ in four months to 27½; and Air Express International, a cargo airline that has gone from 6½ to 16½. The stock group that has been relatively weak of late has been oil firms; they led the market in April and May, but some investors who rode those stocks up have taken their profits to put them in cheaper shares.

Savvy money managers began looking at stocks with renewed interest last spring, when they decided that the second quarter's 9% drop in the gross national product did not necessarily foreshadow a long

Peak Performers

Some of the biggest gainers on the New York and American stock exchanges, with their current prices and percentage increases since April:

Pepcom Industries	36¼	+173.5%
Macks Stores	13¼	+165.0%
Delhi International Oil	67⅜	+159.1%
Air Express International	16½	+153.8%
Southwest Air Lines	43¼	+118.9%
Sea Containers	29	+116.8%
Dataproducts	27½	+115.6%
Coleco	11¼	+114.3%
Fidelity Financial	13½	+111.7%
U.S. Home	25⅛	+ 99.0%
U.S. Air	14¾	+ 93.4%
Esmark	52¼	+ 90.8%
Computervision	89⅞	+ 82.0%
K-Tel International	10	+ 81.8%
Waste Management	66	+ 76.5%

Source: R.W. Mansfield Co., Inc.

and deep recession. After all, there were some signs of economic health to be seen. Interest rates started falling rapidly in May, following the peaking of inflation at 18% in March; the "leading" indicators, which point to the future direction of the economy, turned up smartly in June, and housing began to show signs of renewed life in July. For many professional investors, the most convincing buy signal came in early July, when it turned out that second-quarter corporate profits had declined by a less-than-expected 9%. Says Barton Biggs, a managing partner at the Morgan Stanley & Co. investment banking firm: "The market is tracking a classic recession pattern. In general the best gains have come after the worst decline in corporate earnings."

Politics is also playing a role in the stock surge. Says Ignatius Teichberg, a vice president at Gruntal & Co. brokerage firm: "The market will continue to rise because the investment community anticipates a Reagan victory in November." One reason for this is lingering faith among investment managers in an old rubric that says that stock prices usually rise during election years, but they climb higher and longer when the Republicans win than when the Democrats do. But the Dow industrials have not risen in the first year of a Republican Administration since 1925, after Calvin Coolidge was elected; on the other hand, the only time since the end of World War II that the Dow fell during the first year of a Democratic Administration was 1977, when Jimmy Carter went to Washington.

Market history aside, Wall Street generally views Reagan as a pro-business conservative who is likely to try to do better than Carter at attacking inflation. But no matter who emerges as the victor in November, investors seem to feel that 1981 will bring efforts at tax reform that will encourage investment and growth, and thus be good for stocks.

Many market seers talk earnestly of the Dow's reaching 1000 by year's end, a level it last reached on Dec. 31, 1976, when it closed at 1004.65. What is needed to keep the bull market charging ahead? One thing would be investor confidence that there will not be a rerun of the spurt in interest rates that nipped the January boom. Another spur would be broad recognition that stocks remain cheap, especially in comparison with real estate, gold and other assets. Ten years ago, one ounce of gold, then worth $35, would have bought a little more than one share of U.S. Steel, which then was selling at 27; today Steel is at 24¾, but an ounce of gold is worth $630, or enough to buy 25 shares.

There is plenty of money around that could be funneled into stocks. Large institutions still have some 15% of their assets in cash or the equivalent. Foreign investors, who poured $2.1 billion into U.S. shares earlier this year, have yet to enter the present market in a big way. More investment funds could surely be coming from substantial individual savers who put cash into short-term (up to 26 weeks) Treasury bills, certificates of deposit and other kinds of paper last spring when interest rates on them were as high as 18%. As these securities reach maturity, their holders may not want to reinvest their money in new short-term paper, now that the rates on some have dropped to 8¼% or so, and will not even consider bank savings accounts, which pay 5.5%; so a logical alternative is stocks, which offer both a return in the form of dividends and the promise of appreciation in price.

The average "little guy" investor, however, is still sticking with money market funds even though their yield has declined from the spring high of 15.96% to 8.50%. As of June there was $81 billion in such funds.

The key to a sustained rise has to be visible signs of economic improvement. Says Purcell, Graham's LeFevre: "The greatest thing would be if Carter's program started to work, and people could see lower inflation and lower interest rates." Given that, the bulls of summer might have a longer season. *—By Julie Connelly. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer and Sue Raffety/New York*

New Game in Town

After the inaugural speeches ended, the computers started flashing in the fancy new trading room off Wall Street, and the voices of a hundred traders rose in a din. Thus last week the New York Futures Exchange opened for business as Manhattan's entry into the hottest form of commodity investment to come along in years: financial futures.

The N.Y.F.E. (pronounced knife), which is located adjacent to its parent, the New York Stock Exchange, is the first major diversification in the N.Y.S.E.'s 188-year history. The new exchange aims to become an important international center for trading in financial futures, which have been pioneered by the Chicago Board of Trade and the Chicago Mercantile Exchange's International Monetary Market. Essentially, financial futures are contracts to buy or sell Treasury securities, Government-backed mortgages, or foreign currencies at a preset price at a specified future date. Says N.Y.F.E. Chairman John Phelan: "Few commodities have as much potential for profit or loss."

An investor who buys a financial future is betting that interest rates will decline or that a foreign currency's value will rise before his contract matures, thereby increasing the dollar value of the securities or currency that he has agreed to purchase. Margin requirements are low: a buyer may put up as little as $1,500 to buy a three-month contract for $1 million worth of Treasury bills, for example. Under a complicated formula, such a buyer might make a $2,500 profit if the interest rate was 8% when he bought the contract and 7% when it came due. Conversely, he would lose money if the rate went up. Similarly, an investor holding a one-month contract to buy 125,000 German marks at 56¢ would reap a $1,250 profit if the value of marks rose to 57¢; he would lose if marks fell below 56¢.

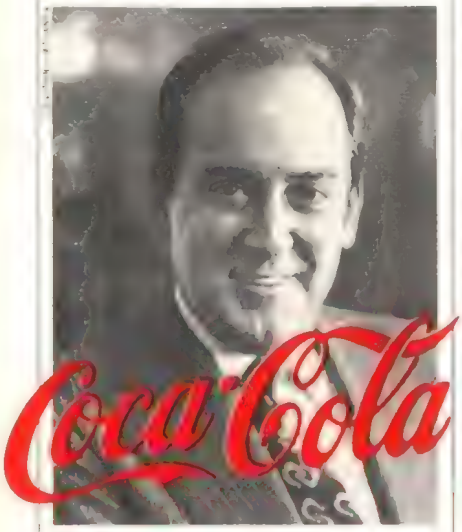
The Chicago exchanges, which have been at odds with Government regulators in the past, charge that Washington wants to promote the N.Y.F.E. at their expense. Indeed, the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, which is charged with maintaining order in all such markets, went to court last month in an unsuccessful attempt to block the Chicago exchanges from expanding their listings to compete with the N.Y.F.E. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Treasury Department have both expressed concern that financial futures trading might some day disrupt the Government securities market. That nearly happened last June, when at one point it looked as though futures owners might demand delivery of more Treasury bills than there were in existence. The N.Y.F.E. has chosen delivery dates for contracts that will give its investors access to a greater supply of Treasury bills. Also, its computerized trading system, which the Chicago exchanges do not have, should provide early warning when demand for contracts might exceed the T-bill supply.

COLBURN—PHOTOREPORTERS

Opening day on the N.Y.F.E.

A Turn at Coke

Guard change in Atlanta



New Chairman Roberto Goizueta

The real-life corporate drama in Atlanta may not have given much competition to TV's *Dallas*, but it was intriguing nonetheless. The story began a year ago with an unexpected exit at the Coca-Cola Co., the world's largest soft drink maker (1979 sales: nearly $5 billion). Though he was five years away from retirement age, the company's popular president J. Lucian Smith abruptly quit. A genial Mississippian who died in July at 61 from a heart attack, Smith had reportedly told friends that his job "just wasn't fun any more." Some insiders said that he was forced out as a result of a personality conflict with the firm's aloof chairman and chief executive officer, J. Paul Austin.

In late May the company's 15 directors were summoned by Austin to a special meeting. There they elected a new president: Roberto C. Goizueta, 48, a Cuban-born and Yale-educated chemical engineer who has worked for the company, mainly in technical and administrative jobs, since 1954. Most Coca-Cola watchers assumed that it would be a while before he would be declared the successor of Austin. At 65, Austin had been Coke's chief for 14 years and had already had his retirement postponed for a year, evidently to allow time to groom a successor. But last week Austin sprang a surprise: much earlier than expected, he announced that when his retirement came at the end of February, his job would go to Goizueta, who will be the first Coca-Cola chief to rise to the top from the technical side of the company.

The early announcement seemed designed to quell speculation about the future management of the company. Goizueta's elevation reflects a compromise between the strong-willed Austin and a powerful shareholder, Robert W. Woodruff, 90, who bossed Coke from 1923 to 1955. Woodruff, who remains chairman of the finance committee, had apparently become disturbed by the company, which remains strong but faces some problems. These include a sluggish profit performance (sales were up by nearly 19% in the first half of 1980, but net income rose by only 7.1%) and a challenge in the domestic market from archcompetitor Pepsi-Cola; Pepsi now outsells Coke in supermarkets, although Coke leads in vending machine and fountain sales.

The son of an architect, Goizueta started out as a chemist in Coca-Cola's Havana bottling plant; Fidel Castro's 1959 takeover drove him to a job with Coke in the Bahamas. In 1964 he went to the U.S. and began making his way up the company's managerial ranks. Among the tasks he will face in his new job are strengthening the somewhat strained relations Coke has with some of its 550 domestic bottlers and boosting the company's domestic earnings, which now account for only a third of overall profits. "I don't expect anything dramatic," Goizueta says. "Life is just a bunch of little turns to the left and little turns to the right." ■

Hammer Stroke

Upheaval at Oxy-Pete

To his colleagues at the bank, he was unquestionably a whiz at finance, but around the office he seemed to some more like a human buzz saw—pugnacious, cutting, even on occasion rude. Yet apparently the very qualities that wound up costing A. Robert Abboud, 51, his post in April as the $265,000-a-year chairman of First Chicago Corp., the nation's ninth largest bank holding company, have landed him another top job at nearly twice his old salary. His new employer: Los Angeles–based Occidental Petroleum Corp., the nation's twelfth largest oil company.

Occidental's aged, autocratic chairman, Armand Hammer, 82, shoved aside the president he had installed only last year, Hungarian-born Zoltan Merszei, 57, an effective but sometimes abrasive former chairman of the Dow Chemical Co., and replaced him with Abboud. The ex-banker thus became the fifth man tapped for the Oxy-Pete presidency in the past decade by Hammer, who after 23 years at Occidental shows no signs of wanting to yield real authority to any possible successor. Said Hammer of his latest No. 2: "He's a brilliant banker and a smart businessman. He's very loyal and a man of great modesty. I like that." Abboud himself has no illusions about his chances for promotion. Says he: "Dr. Hammer will be with us a very long time. My job is to do whatever the doctor wants done. He is as youthful and brilliant as ever."

Merszei, who acquires the title of vice chairman, is to move to Houston to run the company's troubled Hooker Chemical Corp., which has been suffering from a profits-squeeze; while Hooker accounts for about a fifth of Occidental's $9.6 billion revenues, it contributed less than $10 million to the company's $561.6 million profits last year. Hooker is also under legal attack for having dumped industrial wastes in the Love Canal outside Buffalo, an episode that occurred before Occidental acquired the firm. Merszei did not try to disguise his wounded feelings about his ouster as president. Said he: "The moves were all instituted and organized by Dr. Hammer. He has a great vision. I have great confidence in him, but sometimes there are things that I do not understand."

He is not alone. Hammer set out in life to pursue a career in medicine but was diverted into business instead. In 1957 he bought Occidental, then a West Coast oil company with just eight nearly played-out wells. Though he originally aimed to use his purchase merely as a tax shelter, he got interested in building up what has become a globe-girdling enterprise with oil in the North Sea and Libya, an elaborate 20-year fertilizer deal with the Soviet Union and ownership in the U.S. of the Island Creek Coal Co., the nation's fourth largest producer.

A deal maker rather than a manager, Hammer has found that his secretive style and grabbing ways have won him few friends on Wall Street and none at all on the Securities and Exchange Commission, which has charged that in effect the company's board of directors amounts to little more than a rubber stamp for the chairman. So far, there is slight reason to believe that Abboud's arrival will change Occidental's one-man-band character very much at all. ■

Abboud and Top Man Hammer

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French visitors snap pictures of each other at Manhattan's Lincoln Center

The Tourist Tide Changes

A first: more overseas visitors than outbound Americans

"We're having one of our best summer seasons ever, but it is kind of weird. Maybe 25% of our tourists are not just from out of town, they're from out of the country."

So says Russell Rosen, manager of the Best Western Buccaneer Inn resort motel in Naples, Fla., by way of describing the biggest change in tourist travel patterns since Americans began flocking to the then inexpensive delights of Europe in the postwar years. From the manicured streets of Disneyland in Anaheim, Calif., to the beaches of Nantucket and Cape Cod, the U.S. is playing host this summer to an army of overseas visitors that is expected to rise 19% above the 1979 level to a record 8.2 million people. While the ranks of such visitors have nearly doubled in the past five years, 1980 will go down in the travel industry books as the first in which the number of outlanders touring the U.S. exceeded the number of Americans going abroad. This year only about 8 million Americans will do so, down 3% from 1979.

Leading the parade of overseas visitors to the U.S. are Britons, whose numbers are expected to increase 30% this year to 1.3 million; the British have benefited in the past 18 months from a 20% jump in the value of sterling compared with the dollar, largely as a result of their mounting North Sea oil bonanza. Not far behind are the Japanese, some 1.2 million of whom are expected to visit the U.S. during the year, followed by the Germans (675,000), the Venezuelans (490,000) and the French (400,000).

The more than $5.5 billion that overseas visitors are expected to spend in the U.S. will ripple through the economy and generate some $17 billion more in economic activity. In addition, the receipts will help bolster the U.S.'s sagging financial accounts. In 1979 American travelers spent nearly $1 billion more overseas than the foreigners spent in the U.S., but this year the deficit is expected to narrow to only $200 million. That should help ease pressure, at least modestly, on the dollar.

Without the growth in foreign visitors, the U.S.'s $140 billion travel and tourism industry would be in worse shape than it already is. As unemployment has ticked upward and inflation has put a tighter and tighter squeeze on family budgets, more and more Americans have either been staying home or going on cheaper vacations. Though even a week at the seashore now seems expensive to many Americans, Europeans are eager to take advantage of what appear to them to be fire-sale prices. While persistent high inflation is a relatively recent problem for the U.S., a number of European nations have wrestled with it for years, and their own prices have climbed to alpine heights. The late 1970s slide of the dollar against such key currencies as the West German mark, the Swiss franc, and the British pound has only widened the price gap. In Munich, a cup of coffee now sells for the dollar equivalent of $1.50; designer jeans in London go for $65 or more a pair; gasoline costs $3.23 per gal. in Denmark.

The cost of food in the U.S. is proving pleasantly surprising to visitors. Observes Øystein Lie, 38, a Scandinavian businessman who spent June in the U.S. with his wife and two sons: "The prices were much lower than I had expected. Taking the family out to lunch costs half of what it does at home."

Many visitors are coming because, with the U.S. now affordable, they are curious to confront its vastness, complexity and excitement for themselves. To prepare U.S.-bound Frenchmen for the experience, French television and the press have in recent weeks sprouted a whole new generation of latter-day Tocquevilles seeking to explain American life. One hot-selling guidebook advises U.S.-bound Frenchmen to make sure to call the natives by their first names (Americans "ridicule anyone who does not act like everyone else"), and be brave and eat American food.

Like the U.S. youngsters who have been flooding Europe in backpacks and jeans since the late 1960s, a substantial number of the foreigners coming to the U.S. are young, first-time visitors seeking to link up to the nation's cultural roots. Sometimes they find them in the oddest places. Anne Fangberget, 25, of Oslo, was so moved by a familiar cliché of Hollywood films, in which the free-spirit hero is shown driving across the Golden Gate Bridge with the radio blaring, that she went to California, rented a car, and repeated the experience for herself. Reports she: "The car stereo was on full volume with that California-sound music coming out. That was really a great moment."

Europe's own travel industry is suffering this year, as a result of a sluggish economy, a stretch of the worst weather in a generation—and the chilling effect of persistent terrorist activity in Italy, Corsica and Spain. For a while, some villas along Spain's normally choked Costa Blanca had been going unrented, and hotel rooms have been readily available. French travel agents report a 20% decline in vacation bookings compared with those in 1979. Even more shocking, in their view, are projections that nearly 25% of all the vacation money Frenchmen will spend this year will be spent in—*zut alors!*—the U.S. ■

Belgian couple buy souvenir in Los Angeles

Calling the natives by their first names.

To End the Public-Private War

A call for a needed truce between Government and enterprise

During more than four distinguished decades of shuttling between the learned halls of Harvard and the corridors of power in Washington, John T. Dunlop, 66, became increasingly troubled by a damaging adversary relationship in U.S. society. Says he: "Why did American Government and business become so hostile during the last 75 to 100 years?"

Upon returning to Harvard in 1976 after serving as Secretary of Labor in the Ford Administration, Dunlop found an equally concerned colleague at Harvard, President Derek C. Bok. With Bok's backing, Dunlop began to explore ways to alleviate the tensions that divide makers of public policy and leaders of private enterprise. His vehicle: joint efforts by Harvard's venerable Business School and its younger neighbor on the opposite bank of the Charles River in Cambridge, Mass., the John F. Kennedy School of Government. With the aid of fellow professors, businessmen and another former Cabinet member, Dunlop has finally devised a way to bridge that tide: by offering students of the two graduate schools, as well as political and business leaders, some insights into the thinking of their presumed rivals. Their concept is contained in a collection of essays in a new, 118-page volume titled *Business and Public Policy* (Harvard University Press; $6.95).

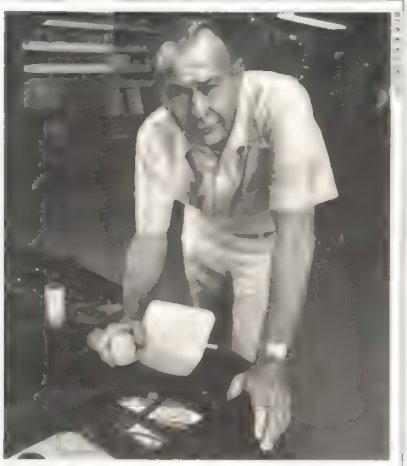
The slim book cogently faces up to the U.S.'s peculiar public-private hostility —a phenomenon notably absent in other industrial societies, especially in West Germany and Japan. The book's basic message: the growth of Government control over business in the U.S. has been so rapid that almost no one in either the private sector or politics knows how to cope with it. The result: wasteful combat. Writes Irving Shapiro, vice chairman of E.I. duPont de Nemours & Co.: "For a long time the two [business and politics] have been circling around each other like gladiators in combat, blocking and parrying each other's moves."

Remembering his 1972-74 stint as Secretary of the Treasury, George Shultz, now vice chairman of the Bechtel Corp. and one of Ronald Reagan's economic advisers, emphasizes that much of the "abrasive interface" between Government and private enterprise results from differences in thought processes. "When a problem comes up, economic thinking says, 'What is the efficient way to solve it?' " writes Shultz. "Political thinking says, 'What is the equitable solution?' " In the search for equity, economic considerations are too often overwhelmed by special pleading by pressure groups and naive, overzealous Government officials.

Harvard Business School Professor Alfred D. Chandler Jr. traces the origins of the schism in the American system to the late 19th century, when large enterprises, notably the railroads, often ignored the interests of local communities. The citizens of these communities began looking to the Federal Government as a brake on economic barons. Since World War II, this process has gone wild. Richard G. Darman and Laurence E. Lynn Jr. of the J.F.K. government school estimate that 40% of all decisions involving corporate capital investment now are determined by considerations other than profits or the best interests of shareholders and employees. Instead, the determining factor is Government policy; and it, of course, is seldom based on a comprehensive grasp of relevant economic facts. Sums up Dunlop in a masterly understatement: "We need to find better ways to work on the problem." ■

Former Labor Secretary John T. Dunlop in his Harvard University office

"Circling around each other like gladiators, blocking and parrying each other's moves."



Walter Avrea with his plastic jug

Patent Medicine

Bottle up the Japanese?

In their struggle against foreign imports, which captured a record 29.2% of U.S. auto sales last month, American carmakers have an unlikely ally. He is Walter Avrea, 56, a Tempe, Ariz., inventor who is waging his own war with Japan's manufacturers.

The crusty Avrea, who frets that inventors are treated as "second-class citizens," holds a 1970 patent for a "coolant recovery system" that includes a small plastic bottle attached to the radiator by tubing. Before Avrea's invention, hot radiators sometimes spilled frothy fluid onto the road through a pressure-relief valve, lowering efficiency and forcing drivers to check the coolant level. Now, that fluid flows into Avrea's container; when the engine cools, the liquid runs back through the tubing into the radiator.

During the three years it took Avrea to get a patent, his invention was pirated by auto companies and suppliers. Fighting back in the courts, he has won more than $5 million in settlements and awards from General Motors, Ford and three auto-parts manufacturers. Then, last March, he was hit with a suit by Toyota, Japan's largest carmaker, that sought to invalidate his troublesome patent. Says he: "It was like a second Pearl Harbor."

Avrea countered by suing 25 companies, including Japan's major automakers, for a total of $62.9 million in damages for patent infringement. If the Japanese do not settle the matter within the next six weeks, Avrea plans to ask the U.S. International Trade Commission to halt imports of Japanese cars. Under the Trade Act of 1974, the I.T.C. would at least have to investigate Avrea's complaint. Neither Ford nor GM will comment on Avrea's campaign, but nothing would bolster Detroit's spirits more than watching the plucky inventor devise a way to block those popular imports. ■

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The benign spaceship in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind: The Special Edition*

No, but I Saw the Rough Cut

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND: THE SPECIAL EDITION
Directed and Written by Steven Spielberg

Hot young Director Ace Tyro has toiled for three years to complete his wide-screen, R-rated indictment of major league baseball, All That Yaz. *Its original running time: 135 minutes. But Tyro decides to cut five minutes for the premiere, and another five minutes after the first week of its release. He adds 20 minutes for the European version. For airplane showings the movie is softened to get a PG rating and cut to two hours flat; the airline projectors can hold only that much film*

Yaz *is sold to a cable system, which airs the 125-minute version, and then to a commercial network, which gives the film a new title* (The Umpire Strikes Out). *To fit a two-hour prime-time slot, the network cuts it to 97 minutes. Later, another network restores much of the footage, including half an hour of outtakes, minus the locker-room sex scene. Finally, 16mm prints are rented to film societies and revival houses, but in a TV-shaped format and with yet another title:* La Cage aux Fouls

Look at a painting, listen to a record, read a novel or even a movie review, and you are in the presence of something immutable—a work of art or craft that has achieved its definitive form. In theory, film should be the same: an art machine as permanent as bronze replicas of a Degas dancer, as popular as the Model T Ford. In fact, film has become a most pliable plastic art. A wily producer, a finicky censor, even a TV executive can alter or destroy the film's shape, texture and meaning. Now the directors are playing at cinema surgery: Steven Spielberg has just issued a "special edition" of his 1977 hit, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. As one film critic observes: "People used to ask me if I'd seen a certain movie. Now they ask which version I've seen."

Ever since their flickering beginnings, movies have been fair game for the scissors and splicer. In 1903 the distributors of *The Great Train Robbery* advised nickelodeons that a startling shot of a gunman firing directly at the audience could be inserted at either the beginning or the end of the film. D.W. Griffith's epic *Intolerance* (1916), which blended parables from four epochs into a "film fugue," bombed at the box office; so Griffith extracted and recut two of the stories and released them as separate films. Too soon, producers were applying the cleaver of their judgment to good films and bad, all in the name of "giving the public what it wants." The public, it was implied, did not want to see the complete, two-hour version of Orson Welles' *The Magnificent Ambersons*—so 43 minutes were cut, never to be seen again

In many cases, the unkindest cuts of movie moguls have been restored decades later by heroic film scholars. Together again for the first time: *King Kong*, in which the great ape engages in vigorous foreplay with Fay Wray; Welles' *Macbeth* and *Touch of Evil;* Max Ophuls' magnificent melodrama *Lola Montes;* and Sergio Leone's great homage to John Ford, *Once Upon a Time in the West*

Indeed, at times, restorers get carried away with their noble task. Akira Kurosawa is amused by the diligence of historians who assemble the complete Japanese versions of films that the director wanted Western audiences to see in a shorter, faster-paced form. He is now at work streamlining his latest film, *The Shadow Warrior*, in consultation with his executive producers: Francis Coppola and George Lucas.

They are a good choice for chopping. As Young Turks rising to the status of Hollywood pashas, they upset many of the old rules—including the precept that a finished film really is finished. Coppola sutured his two *Godfather* films, along with an hour of outtakes, into a four-night NBC extravaganza, and last year he previewed several versions of *Apocalypse Now* before deciding which one he wanted —for now. Lucas rereleased *American Graffiti* with additional footage. Still, Coppola and Lucas are hardly the only directors to have joined the emerging slice-and-splice school: Stanley Kubrick cut 19 minutes from *2001: A Space Odyssey* a

Director Spielberg, child and master of the Hollywood machine, prepares a shot

The new film makers are itching to play Silly Putty with their old movies.

week after its release in 1968, and three minutes from *The Shining* after its opening this May. Robert Altman planned an eight-hour *Nashville* saga for ABC, and Martin Scorsese hoped to restore many of the sequences cut from *New York, New York* for telecast on NBC; so far, neither dream has been fulfilled. Bernardo Bertolucci is a compulsive tinkerer. After the release of *Last Tango in Paris*, Critic Pauline Kael complained to him that one of the best paragraphs in her review described a sequence that Bertolucci had cut.

Steven Spielberg, child and master of the movie machine, is another film maker who shows an itch to play Silly Putty with finished work. His first TV feature, *Duel*, was released in a longer version for theaters in Europe. Last year when ABC aired *Jaws*, Spielberg added a few scenes cut from the original print. Now he has reworked *Close Encounters*, deleting 25 minutes from the original print and incorporating 20 minutes of outtakes and new footage. The result: the "new" *Close Encounters* is different—and the same.

The plot has remained. Repairman Roy Neary (Richard Dreyfuss) is struck, like Saul of Tarsus, with a vision of alien benignity; together with Jillian Guiler (Melinda Dillon), whose small son has run away from home to hitch a ride on a starship, Roy brazens his way into the first meeting of man and extraterrestrial. Both film versions pay heartfelt homage to the spirit of early Disney—not only in their use of the song *When You Wish Upon a Star* (from *Pinocchio*) but also in their insistence on a childlike belief in the magic of movies. The actors here are the audience: they spend most of the film watching and listening to the lovely sights and sounds that Spielberg and his special-effects team have put together. Spielberg in effect is the alien who steps from the mother ship at the end of the film. He is shy and cute, smart and wise. He smiles and waves.

By contrast, Speilberg has telescoped the film's middle section, which describes Roy's ascent, through madness, to the space traveler's wave length—his alienation. Instead of inching away from his baffled family into the cocoon of his transcendence, Roy breaks with them in an abrasively strong scene, a kind of group tantrum. At the end, Roy enters the starship, and this time the audience goes with him—for a brief survey of the ship's angelic multiterraced interior. Roy grins beatifically; the wooden husband has turned into a real boy. Pinocchio lives.

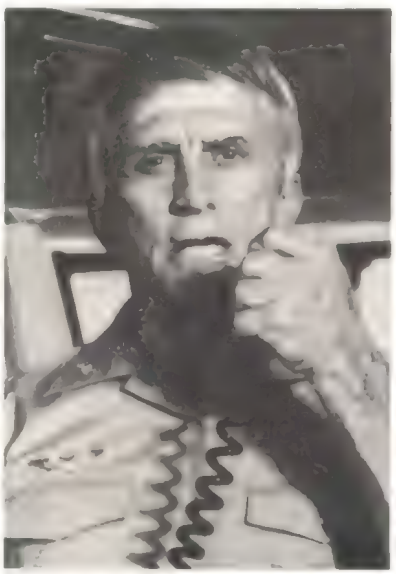
A sage once wrote that "life is a continual becoming." That is the message of *Close Encounters*—both kinds—and of the film-making tendency to take well-enough and try to make it better. The old Hollywood machine has become a malleable organism, as the new directors claim the right to restage their films the way George Balanchine keeps reshaping his ballets. Moviegoers are advised to join in the collaborative process. Shall we dance? —*By Richard Corliss*

Time Traveler

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN
Directed by Don Taylor; Screenplay by David Ambrose and Gerry Davis, Thomas Hunter and Peter Powell

Strange doings aboard the U.S.S. *Nimitz*! The great carrier puts out to sea from Pearl Harbor on a routine exercise, only to encounter this really nasty bit of weather. The old salts have never seen such lightning before, or heard such a strange roar from the ocean. The disturbance does not even register on the radar screen.

This, apparently, is what a time warp looks like if you happen to come across it in the middle of the Pacific. When the ship finally emerges from the relativistic tunnel, the date is Dec. 6, 1941—Pearl Harbor eve. Once the captain (Kirk Douglas) and his mates on the bridge



Kirk Douglas in *The Final Countdown*

The Nimitz *meets the Japanese armada.*

(Martin Sheen, James Farentino, Ron O'Neal, *et al.*) get the mystery all sorted out, the *Nimitz*, in its full nuclear glory, finds itself in a position to intervene in history. Should it try to face down the entire Japanese armada steaming toward its rendezvous with infamy?

On the surface, the answer seems simple: think of the lives that might have been saved if the attack on Pearl could have been averted. But against that certainty, those with the decisive force at their command must weigh the force of the unknown. It is entirely possible that World War II might have been still bloodier had the U.S. not been drawn into the fight by the Japanese assault. To this dilemma *The Final Countdown* makes a sensible, existentialist response. It is also fully aware of the ironies—the sheer comic puzzlement—implicit in a confrontation between a modern ship of the line and antiques that are a mere four decades old.

Brilliantly shot and edited documentary passages from the carrier itself provide an awesome display of its destructive capacity—and of the discipline under which it is held in peacetime. On that level, the film is as impressive a statement about the value and values of professional fighting men as one could hope to find in these cynical days. This realism also lends credibility to the fantastic tale unfolding aboard the mighty ship. In fact, at a time when movies are increasingly preoccupied with the inexplicable and supernatural, *The Final Countdown* is one of the few films in this juvenile vein that are adult, intelligent and entertaining. —*By Richard Schickel*

Threesome

WILLIE AND PHIL
Directed and written by Paul Mazursky

The guys (Michael Ontkean and Ray Sharkey) meet at a Greenwich Village revival showing of *Jules and Jim* early in the last decade. They are impressed by it, and before long their lives imitate cinematic art. Margot Kidder turns up in Washington Square Park to play the Jeanne Moreau role in their lives, and in due course they establish their own—not *ménage à trois*—trilateral commission. Thereupon their lives are laid out in tedious, unedifying detail.

Willie, a teacher, looks for spiritual sustenance by dropping out in variously predictable ways (subsistence farming, for example, or an ashram in India). Phil, a photographer, provides contrast by selling out as a director of television commercials. The lady (with her inevitable child) shuttles more or less agreeably between them until she finally leaves them both wrestling on the beach—at first angrily, then playfully. Other things may come and go, but male bonding is apparently forever.

Even in this lamentable movie season, it is hard to think of a less memorable movie than this one. Its social commentary is without energy or originality —strictly Paint-by-Numbers. That may be Paul Mazursky's message: the '70s were a decade singularly without singularity. But that is not the most promising premise for a movie. Maybe he gave up on the period too easily.

Mazursky's 1969 *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* was a sharply sketched comment on sexuality in the Esalen age. In the years since, his work has gone soft; with *An Unmarried Woman*, he finally arrived at his present state, where he sentimentalizes the mildly eccentric, celebrates sweet-spirited rebelliousness and generally goofs off on promising themes. The result has been a series of truly enervating movies, of which *Willie and Phil* is but the most spineless. Its three leading players do what they can with the material, but their task is quite hopeless. —*R.S.*

Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

The Year of the Pragmatists

On the eve of the Democratic Convention, the press stands united—not only on its editorial pages but also among the clamorings of political columnists—in its lack of enthusiasm for any presidential candidate. The result is to give the 1980 campaign a remarkably honest coverage, free of that bias that critics of the press so often lament. The only difficulty is that no one is providing much advice but simply mirroring the nation's own reluctance to come to judgment.

A passel of columnists—among them such articulate fellows as William F. Buckley and George F. Will—espouse the same economic and social causes as Reagan does, but when they get to discussing Reagan's knowledge or reasoning powers, they sound somewhere between patronizing and apologetic. Carter, however, lacks even such a community of ideological backing in press or country; his yawing on issues has disaffected groups of supporters he could normally count upon. Liberal columnists, though they long ago gave up on Teddy Kennedy, like his brand of Democratic rhetoric. Carter's old buddy Andrew Young now writes a column. He also makes speeches for Carter but says, "I can't sell this Administration uncritically." When asked whether he was not more philosophically in tune with Kennedy than Carter, Young grinned: "Yeah, very much so." This is the year of the pragmatist.

Just how pragmatic Reagan and the Republican conservatives could be was of course the big suspenseful question at Detroit. The answer seems to be that the party is no longer on self-destruct. A few hurried journalistic reassessments of Reagan came out of Detroit. Typical was a column from Meg Greenfield, the Washington *Post's* editorial-page editor. Having finally seen Reagan up close, Greenfield had some advice for Carter: forget trying to paint Reagan as a nuke-waving, overaged, stupid and dangerous man to an American public that had seen him aw-shucksing his way coolly out of difficult spots. Greenfield still has big doubts about Reagan, but added: "Wrong is different from Dumb. And so is Unfamiliar or Inexperienced."

W. R. Hearst Colonel McCormick

But while the press corps was playing "getting used to Reagan" and Carter was falling to the lowest rating in Gallup's 40 years of measuring presidential popularity, FORTUNE published "Why Carter Will Probably Win," by Everett Carll Ladd of the Roper Center for Public Opinion Research. Ladd (who hasn't changed his mind since, even after Billy Carter) concludes from his samplings that 1980 is shaping up as a "competence election," a question on which he says "Reagan's weakness with the electorate matches Carter's." Having failed to persuade the great middle of the electorate of his competence by now, Ladd argues, it is unlikely Reagan "will be able to do so in the last hundred days. So he will probably give Carter a victory Carter could not win by himself."

The press's lack of enthusiasm for either Reagan or Carter is matched by a decline in its fascination with John Anderson. He no longer inspires such rhapsodies as James Reston's discovery last February of a new Adlai Stevenson, "burdened by some personal characteristics that are now out of style in American politics: moderation, intelligence, experience . . ."

Of course, having no heroes to extol does not prevent political columnists from assessing, evenhandedly or subjectively, the demerits of all the candidates. They've been manfully going about that part of their job.

Things used to be different and the emotional range of journalistic fervor wider in the days when press lords such as Hearst and Colonel McCormick helped create candidates, lauded them to the skies and unmercifully derided their opponents. But the American electorate got quite skilled at rejecting their advice. Poor press lords! They could thunder, and they could misinform, but they could not persuade. As one of Lord Beaverbrook's editors once remarked, "No cause is really lost until we support it." The relative lack of advocacy in the political journalism of 1980 makes the coverage sound remarkably homogeneous. That may deny readers some guidance in making up their minds. But it also leaves the press free to attend to its basic job of informing.

Former Spouses Angela and David Boyter

Sexes

Sin Subsidy

Triple divorcees lose tax fight

In December 1975, Angela and David Boyter went to Haiti for a seven-day vacation and a divorce. A year later, eleven months into their second marriage, the Boyters did the same thing in the Dominican Republic. Since then, the Ellicott City, Md., couple have remarried and been divorced a third time. They figure that their revolving-door matrimony has saved them $15,000. The reason: federal laws that favor single taxpayers. The Internal Revenue Service challenged the couple, arguing that the first two divorces were "sham transactions" and that they would not be recognized by Maryland. Last week the IRS won a court decision ordering the Boyters to pay $3,135.34 in back taxes.

The provisions that drove the Boyters south, enacted as part of the Tax Reform Act of 1969, were designed to end discrimination against single people. But now it is married couples who feel victimized. As a rule, if both spouses work and one earns 25% or more of what the other does, their tax bill is higher than it would be if they were single. For example, two such partners earning $10,000 each last year had to pay an extra $391. Angela Boyter, a federal programs analyst, and her husband, a Department of Defense physicist, had a combined income of about $60,000 in 1979 and, by filing as singles, slashed their IRS bill by nearly $4,000.

For the Boyters and 20 million married couples, relief may be spelled C-o-n-g-r-e-s-s. Both the House and the Senate are expected to pass bills that would allow married persons to file as singles, though final action may not come until next year. The Boyters vow to remain single until then. In the meantime, they can be glad of one thing: their legal expenses are tax deductible. ■

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At Newport, some terrible trials for Terrible Ted

A stern Turner astern

At the helm of *Courageous* he still cuts a dashing Errol Flynn figure, but some of the old swash has gone out of his buckle during the first two months of the America's Cup trials. Ted Turner has cause to be subdued. With the third and final round of the trials set to begin next week, *Courageous* has won only six races and lost 19, leaving her a distant second to *Freedom* (31-2) and only marginally better than *Clipper* (7-24). In Newport, R.I., site of the 129-year-old competition, a cruel whisper is making the rounds: "Ted is dead."

The Mouth of the South arrived with a slightly modified hull (later changed even further) and the same crew that captured sailing's most coveted prize in 1977. He was the early favorite to defend the Cup in September against either Britain, France, Sweden or Australia; the foreign trials began last week off Newport. But from the outset *Courageous* has been buffeted by ill winds. In one race, the hydraulic device that controls the boom failed. Then the boom itself cracked, and a day later the yacht lost her mast when an inexpensive piece of equipment let go high in the rigging. To make matters worse, the New York Yacht Club selection committee "excused" Turner, 41, from the last racing season for the "serious indiscretion" of letting an Australian team member join his crew one day.

Armchair admirals in Newport attributed the terrible trials of Terrible Ted to outside distractions (his new Cable News Network and the Atlanta Braves) and to lack of motivation. "Aw, that's a bunch of bull," Turner says. "I've got too much responsibility to spend all my time screwing around in sailboats, but it doesn't affect me on the race course."

Probably the main source of Turner's troubles was *Freedom's* helmsman, Dennis ("the Menace") Conner of San Diego, 37, a star in international sailing since he won his first world championship event in 1971. Ironically, Conner was picked to replace Turner as the skipper of *Mariner* by the boat's syndicate of investors near the end of the 1974 trials, a move that must still rankle the proud Atlantan. Growls Turner: "He did everything he could to get my job. He just went behind my back and stabbed me while I wasn't looking."

The sleek 12-meter yachts—named for a design formula, not their average length of more than 60 feet—are high-strung thoroughbreds that respond to the smallest calibration of sail cut, hull design or crew performance. Conner's backers raised upwards of $2.5 million, more than double the budgets of the other Cup contenders, enabling him to test both the brand-new *Freedom* and *Enterprise* (built in 1976) before settling on his final hull. Racing the two against each other, he logged more than 1,200 practice hours and tried out more than 100 crewmen. He was especially meticulous about sails, trying every conceivable combination and even putting three sailmakers on his crew. "We're not a great deal faster than they are," Conner says. "But all the sailing and all the preparation we did beforehand just gave us a little bit of an edge." Turner complains that Conner's "tremendously professional approach" has changed the Cup for the worse. Says he: "It knocks out of the competition forevermore anyone who's not prepared to give up three years of his life."

Crew member gives *Courageous* a new bow

Rounding out the field is New Yorker Russell Long, 24, son of Sumner ("Huey") Long, a well-known shipping broker and ocean racer. The blond, blue-eyed Russell was crewing by age seven, but it was not until last year that he skippered a twelve, Turner's old *Independence*. Convinced that he could be competitive himself if only his boat were a little faster, Long raised $500,000 and stripped *Independence* for parts. The result: the deep blue *Clipper* and a helmsman brash enough to be Turner's son. "Ted peaked out in 1977," says Long. "He's been totally outclassed by Conner."

True enough, so far. The N.Y.Y.C. selectors are supposed to choose the most able defender, regardless of record. So it is conceivable that Turner could catch the committee's eye with a last-minute flourish. Three years ago he entered the final round with only a slight edge in victories, then reeled off ten wins in eleven races. "The big-money boys in the club are all behind Dennis," says Turner, "but the selection committee is absolutely neutral." Just thinking about the final round puts Terrible Ted in a combative mood. Says he: "It would take an absolute miracle, but as long as there's still an out left in the bottom of the ninth, the game isn't over." —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Jeff Melvoin/Newport*

An ill wind snaps the mast of the 1977 America's Cup winner

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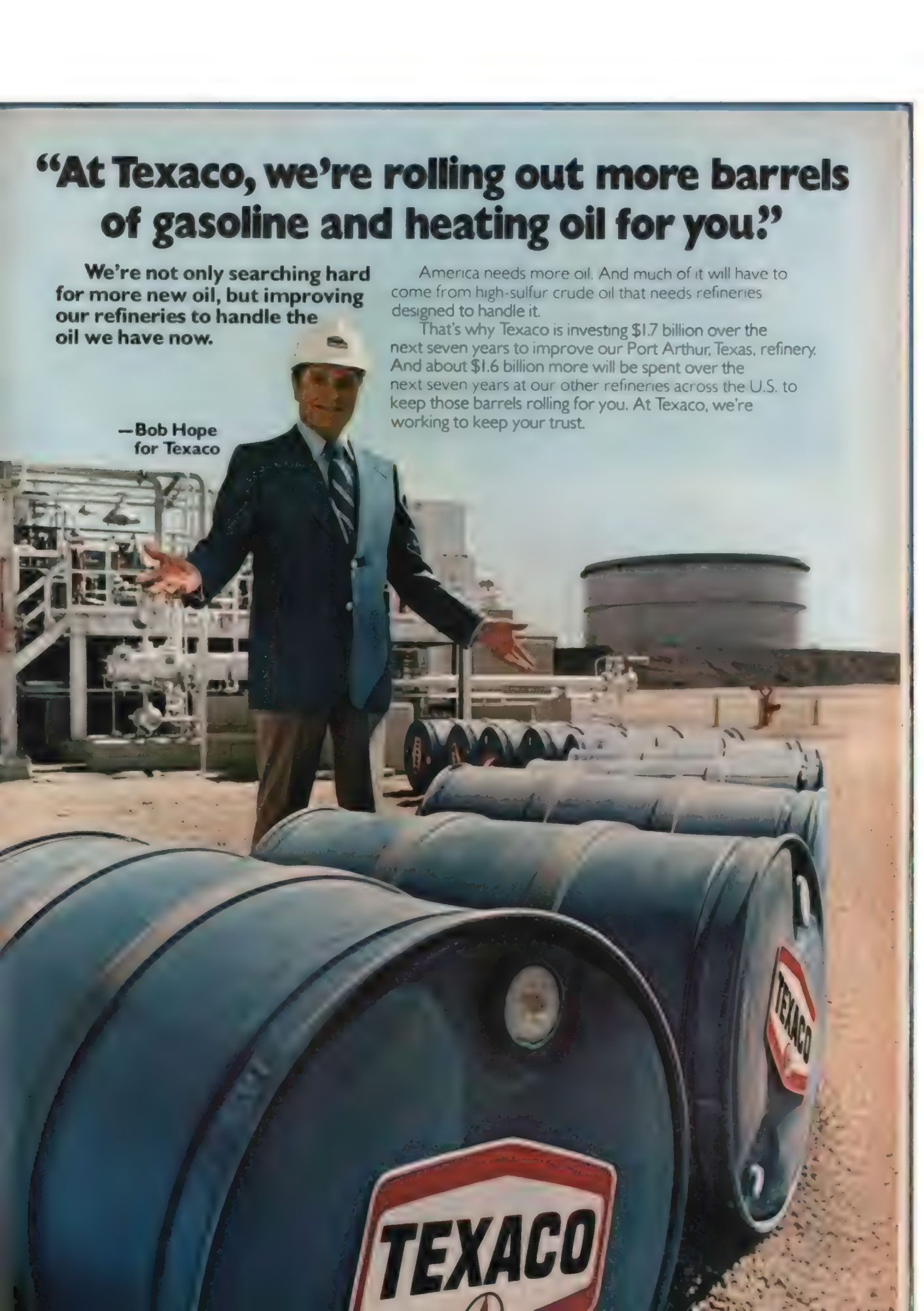


Three Sisters—A Study in June Sunlight, 1890, by Edmund Tarbell

Breezy Day, Tugboats, New York Harbor, c. 1910, by William Glackens

Art

Charm, Yes; Inspiration, No

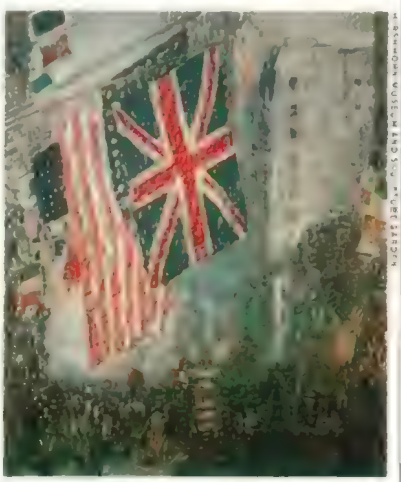
In Boston, a survey of America's home-grown impressionists

"American Impressionism," which runs at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art until Aug. 31, is in many ways an excellent summer show: refreshing and nostalgic by turns, more amenable than audacious, and most of it no more problematic than a scoop of lemon sherbet on a hot day. It consists of 133 works. Some, like Mary Cassatt's delicately unsettled, Jamesian glimpse of social manners, *A Cup of Tea*, 1880, are of memorable quality. But, in general, the level wobbles. The fault is not in the selection: Art Historian William Gerdts, who organized the show (first seen last winter in Seattle), is a ranking authority on his subject, and his catalogue is a model of precise explanation.

The problem is simply that except for Cassatt, none of the Americans whose work reached toward what was being done in Paris by Monet, Renoir, Degas or Pissarro could consistently perform on a high level. They saw what the French saw; they studied in Paris; some of them even painted the flowers in Monet's garden at Giverny, with the assiduity of students doing the Roman ruins a century before. They were not trivial or maladroit. Yet charm, rather than inspiration, remained the order of the day. No wonder that Childe Hassam, William Merritt Chase, Edmund Tarbell, John Twachtman and their colleagues have always seemed to be squeezed uncomfortably between the great Yankee realists like Eakins and Homer in the late 19th century and the robust "Ashcan" painters like Robert Henri in the early 20th.

Still, theirs was undoubtedly a moment of liberation. One great preoccupation of late 19th century art, not only in France but across Europe, America and Australia, was light: the description of sunlight and its effects, not as an incidental portion of the painting, but as a main theme, almost a protagonist. This "glare" aesthetic, as Gerdts calls it, turned paintings into "mirrors from which dazzling sunlight is reflected back toward the spectator and upon which strong silhouettes of still clearly rendered forms may be cast."

One reason why some American impressionist canvases do not look like French impressionism is that they depicted a different kind of glare: a high-keyed white light, rather than a vibrating spectrum of color a la Monet. They were, in other words, tonal rather than coloristic impressionism. Some of the artists who had studied in Paris, notably Childe Hassam, managed to work the authentic French flicker into their surfaces without making it seem heavyhanded. Hassam's view of a victory parade in 1918, *The Union Jack, New York, April Morn*, with its vibrant banners hanging over a throng of pedestrians and traffic, is a study of color and air done with fervent élan.



Hassam's *The Union Jack, April Morn*, 1918

In the provincial glare, a Parisian touch.

But for every one such painting there were a dozen tame, regional variations on then popular French artists like Bastien-Lepage or Tissot, whose work provided a palatable substitute for the analytic modernity represented by impressionism at its best. Hence the Boston show is heavily freighted with affable but basically insipid dining-room pictures of young Wasp rosebuds swathed in yards of white voile, clustered on lawns, playing on beaches, posing on verandas or picking flowers. They make one realize how badly America needed modern art. Not until the advent of some of the impressionist-influenced painters of "the Eight"—say, Maurice Prendergast after 1900, with his vigorous friezes of jostling figures by the sea—does vitality reappear.

That vitality is there, written across the canvas with enormous chromatic zest, in William Glackens' *Breezy Day, Tugboats, New York Harbor*, circa 1910. But in Glackens' cheerfully slathered impasto, the sky streaked with cat's paws of pink and the puffs of whistle steam stitched across the fat, oily pelt of the sea, another kind of sensibility is present. It is very like the world of the French Fauve painters Derain and Vlaminck. The gap between Paris and New York has narrowed to less than a decade, and American modernism is about to begin in earnest.

—*By Robert Hughes*

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Inventor

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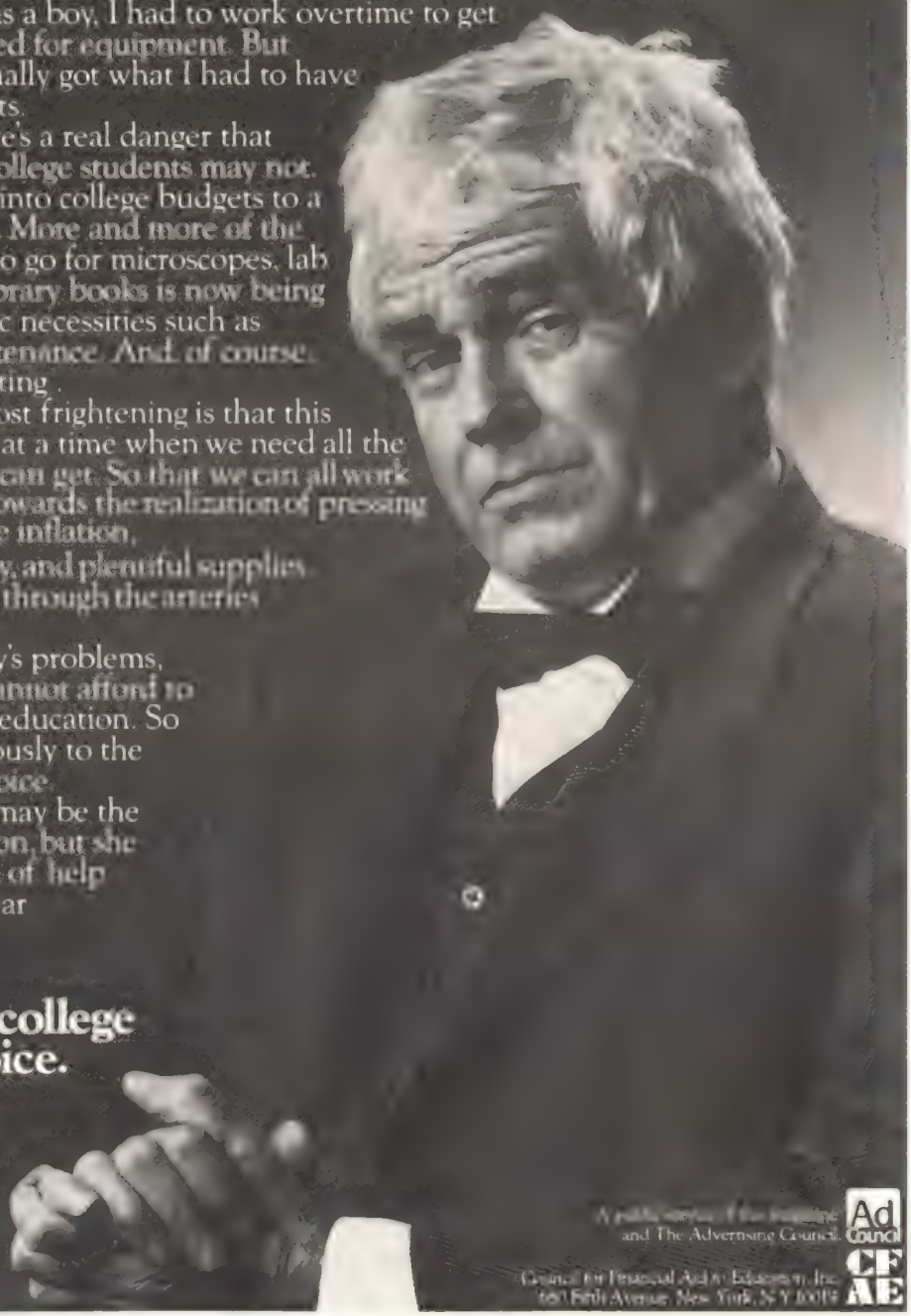

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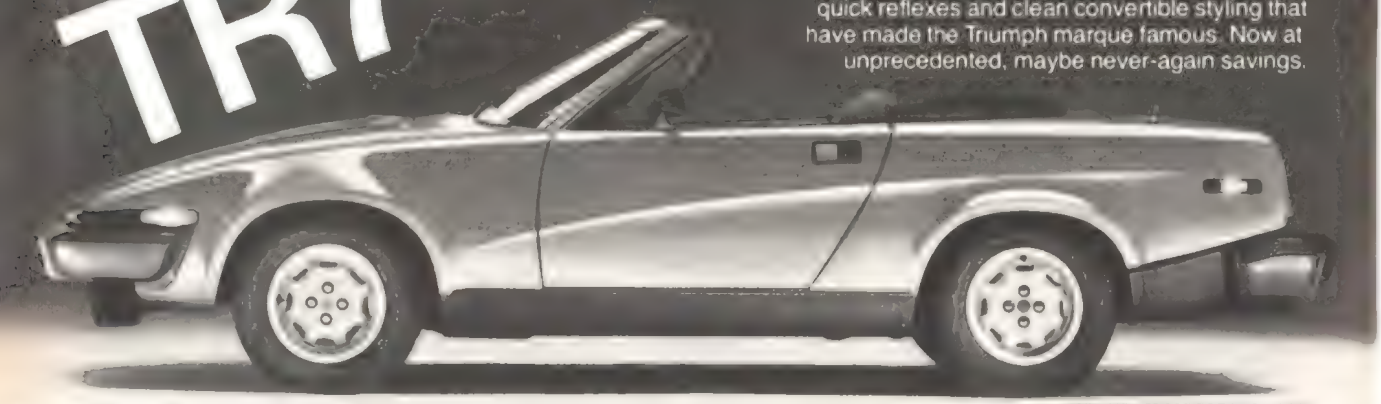

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Planning for the Apocalypse Now

"Survivalists" spark a boom in doom and the profits follow

Some are more likely to tote shotguns than hand-held placards reading THE END IS NEAR, and they scrutinize the Dow Jones average more carefully than the Good Book. But just as surely as the doomsayers of old, perhaps a million or more Americans foresee the imminent collapse of Western civilization. Clustered mostly in California, Utah and the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, they are busily preparing to face the apocalypse and, above all, to survive it by providing themselves with sufficient food, fuel, shelter and weapons. Their efforts have given rise to a flourishing survival industry, specializing in everything from newsletters and real estate to two-year food packs containing instant applesauce, dried bacon tidbits and margarine powder.

Today's survivalists may give some passing thought to the possibility of a natural disaster or a nuclear holocaust, but their gloomiest forebodings are fiscal. Says former Aerospace Worker Bill Kerbaugh, 50, who now operates a survivalist nutrition center in Sonora, Calif.: "I believe there is going to be a total collapse of the economy in this country, and it will provoke a worldwide depression." According to the survivalist scenario, those feckless optimists who are trapped in the nation's blighted cities will perish. The sage few who have gone back to the land—or at least to wholesome small towns—and have laid in provisions, firewood, kerosene lanterns, Q-Tips and radio batteries will survive.

To protect themselves and their families against the onslaught of starving urbanites who manage to escape the cities, many survivalists have turned their homes into virtual arsenals. As a guide, they can use Kurt Saxon's *The Poor Man's James Bond*, a handbook of "improvised weaponry and do-it-yourself mayhem," with simple instructions for making firearms, tear gas, explosives, zip guns and even flamethrowers. Saxon, 48, is an Ozarks-based writer and publisher. Like many survivalists, he is inspired by romantic notions of frontier self-reliance. He has six guns of his own, and come Armageddon, he plans to support himself by hunting, making everything he needs and cultivating his quarter-acre garden of peppers, sunflowers and watermelons. Says Saxon: "I'm telling people to get out of the cities and move to small towns, because civilization all through the world is doomed. Take a trade with you. Don't go there looking for work."

The movement has also produced a variant sect of soft-core survivalists. They share the more moderate belief, long held by Mormons, that it is only prudent to have a year's store of food on hand in case of pestilence or famine. Their grand sachem is Howard Ruff, 49, devout Mormon, professional pessimist and author of *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years* (2.5 million copies sold). Ruff is the economic evangelist behind *Ruff HouSe*, a half-hour syndicated television show that preaches to 2 million viewers every week the benefits of investing in hard goods, gold, silver coins and small-town real estate. Acting on his own forecasts of "major social and political disruptions in the country's urban areas" and "the most difficult times since the Civil War," Ruff recently moved his wife and eight of his twelve children to a new brick house in Mapleton, Utah, equipped with a wood-burning stove, solar water heater, storage tanks for diesel fuel and gas and two acres of corn and alfalfa.

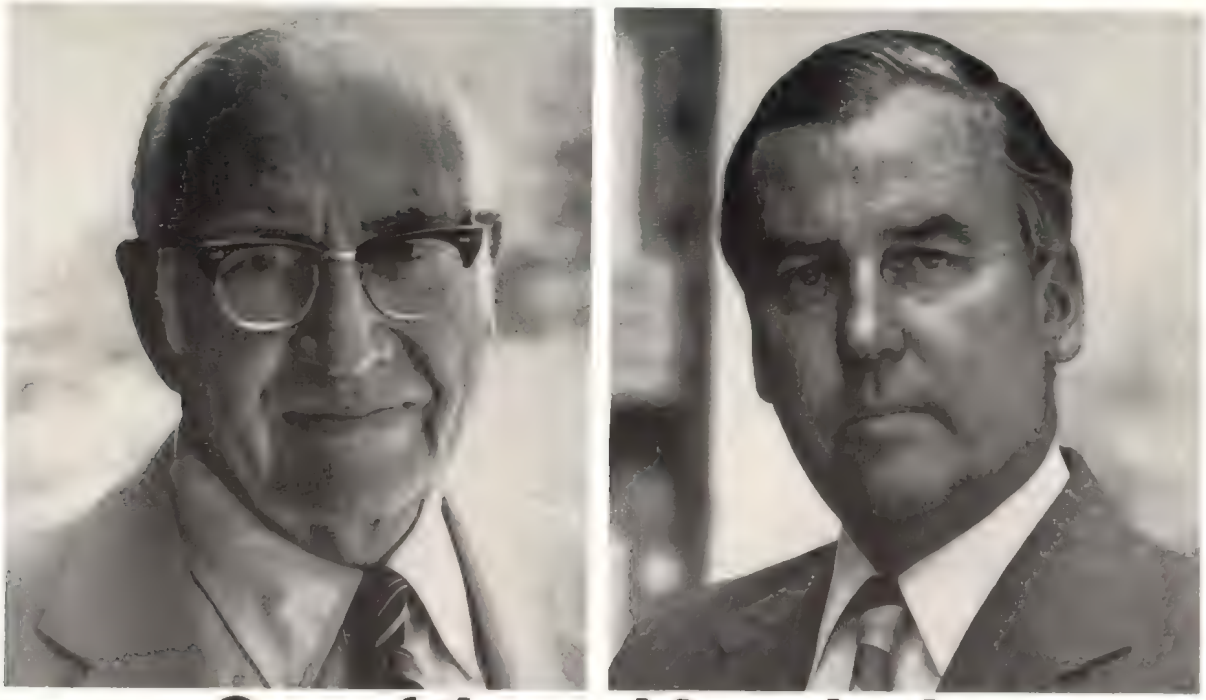
Ruff, whose combined enterprises will gross $25 million this year, is not the only one to realize the profits of bleak prophecy. An advertisement in *Mother Earth News*, the North Carolina–based, back-to-the-land bi-monthly, pitches $64,000 building lots in Park City, Utah, geared directly to the survivalist market. The properties are touted as "excellent for passive solar home/earth shelter with food-producing greenhouse." Saxon predicts a threefold increase in sales for his survival-book business which grossed $100,000 last year, carrying such titles as *Granddad's Wonder Book of Chemistry*,

115 Rms, Ocn Vu

As white elephants go, it is like Xanadu revisited. Mar-a-Lago, the former Marjorie Merriweather Post mansion in Palm Beach, lies dormant, its 115 rooms shuttered, its fountains dry, its citrus grove, four greenhouses and nine-hole golf course seedy and overgrown. When the cereal heiress died in 1973, she willed the 17-acre oceanfront estate—built in 1927 at a cost of $8 million—to the U.S. Government as a retreat for Presidents and foreign dignitaries. Alas, her posthumous hospitality had virtually no takers. Congress was reluctant to maintain Mar-a-Lago (Spanish for Sea-to-Lake) and equally reluctant to give it up, which thwarted efforts by local politicians to turn it over to the Post Foundation.

Now Congress has allocated $100,000 a year toward its upkeep. But even with a further $220,000 from the Post Foundation, the amount falls far short of the estimated $1 million a year required to keep the place in proper trim. Clearly, this Post serial will be continued.

Mar-a-Lago, the Palm Beach home of Marjorie Merriweather Post, in better days (1965)



One of these drivers had a head-on collision and walked away without a scratch.

"I'm Dr. Arnold Arms, the man on the left. In 1975, I drove one of the American cars equipped with air bag restraint systems being tested in this country. At 6 p.m. on October 7, I left my office to make a house call and never made it. I had a head-on collision with a city bus. I was travelling at about 25 miles an hour

"I recall very well what happened. The air bag filled in front of the steering wheel and deflated right away. I could see I was alive. I could see that I had no broken bones. To my surprise, I didn't even have a headache or whiplash injury. I was able to walk away from the crash." ***Arnold V. Arms, M.D., Kansas City, MO***

In 1979, 25 million auto accidents occurred in the U.S. Millions of drivers and passengers were injured; 27,000 of them died. The cost of hospital and medical treatment for auto injuries was astronomical. And with inflation continuing to spiral, these costs continue to soar.

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- Work in your community to make sure speed laws are enforced.
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Root Rot and *The Complete Book of Midwifery*. Neo-Life Co. of America, a major survival-food producer based in Hayward, Calif., claims a similar increase in sales, which are now topping $1 million a month. Survival Inc., a mail-order survival-food and -equipment outlet in Carson, Calif., boasts 5,000 customers—a 400% increase from a year ago.

For the most zealous survivalists, the effort and money required to prepare for society's collapse are such that there is little time left for anything else. Contends Ruff: "The hard-core survivalist has given up and is no longer trying to bring about effective change." Indeed, says he, many survivalists now actually have a vested interest in catastrophe: "If Western civilization doesn't fail, they will be terribly disappointed." ■

Priceless Menu

The order is placed in court

Kathleen Bick wanted to treat Larry Becker, her partner in a Los Angeles public relations and design business, to dinner. The occasion was a celebration, so they chose an expensive French eatery called L'Orangerie. But after sitting down, Bick discovered that her menu was not so much pricey as priceless. As is the custom in some establishments that aspire to Old World elegance, Bick, as *la femme*, had been presented with a special white menu that delicately omitted the prices. Becker got the regular green menu. The couple left without eating, preferring to do their ordering in court. Citing California's Unruh Civil Rights Act, they sued L'Orangerie for sex discrimination, asking for at least $250 in statutory damages. They also asked for a permanent injunction against the restaurant's use of a bill of fare that they consider, well, unfair.

Virginie and Gerard Ferry, co-owners of L'Orangerie, maintain that the priceless-menu policy—which they have no intention of discontinuing—is not discrimination, but courtesy. It enables the guest to be treated as such, and allows the host to be the only one concerned with money, whatever the host's gender. Claims Ferry: "If a lady makes the reservation in her name, she'll get the menu with prices."

Not so, replies Gloria Allred, the feminist lawyer who prepared Bick and Becker's suit. "Restaurants are the last bastions of rituals having to do with rigid roles for men and women," says she. The priceless menu implies "that women will always be taken care of if they're with a man, and that we shouldn't be bothering our pretty little heads about the price of dinner." Another ritual that Allred abhors is having the man taste the wine, which "suggests that women can't appreciate fine wine." As the general manager of another stylish Los Angeles restaurant comments, "Soon we'll have to offer flowers to the men too." ■

Dance

Golden Apples of the Sun

Ashton returns with a dazzling frolic for the Royal Ballet

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Sir Frederick Ashton wrote: "The older I get, the less interested I am in ballets of the pests, persecutions and cynicism of contemporary life, and frankly I only like ballets which give an opportunity for real dancing." He is 75 now, and those words may well stand as his artistic creed. For the Royal Ballet, he has whirled up *Rhapsody*, a dazzling, sun-drenched frolic that premiered last week as part of England's birthday tribute to the Queen Mother. There is no plot except from the music, Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini* for piano and orchestra.

This is not a gambol for just any dancers. The work is dominated by Mikhail Baryshnikov, who is appearing as a guest artist. Ashton has created unexampled leaps and spins (and combinations of the two), as if he saw in Baryshnikov the spirit of Paganini, who raised violin virtuosity to a demonic level, and of Rachmaninoff, who did much the same for the piano. The charm of the work is that it never becomes the visual equivalent of piano busting, a mere showcase.

Baryshnikov appears first, dressed in gold, before a simple colonnade. He dances the theme and is then joined by his friends, six girls and six boys, who start to perform harmonious variations. These have a serenity and symmetry that recall court dancing. Baryshnikov's solos—some intricate, others almost blasting in their power—are threaded throughout. Like a young god, he summons up one girl (Lesley Collier) for himself. They dance *divertissements* that are like games. Baryshnikov is thrown high into the air. He lands, turns and gives the audience a shrug similar to the one Puck gives at the end of Ashton's The Dream. The rhapsody is over.

There are brief references to that masterpiece of innocence, *The Sleeping Beauty:* Collier might be Princess Aurora as she appears in the vision scene. Mostly, though, the ballet stays close to the music and its own fresh nature. That makes the gaudy, tacky costumes, designed by William Chappell, all the harder to understand. Baryshnikov has a golden garter and a necklace. The other men have little glitters sewn onto their tights. The women look less camped up, but they do wear quantities of rhinestones. The kindest conclusion is that it was all intended to convey some imaginary land where, as Yeats said, there are "silver apples of the moon and golden apples of the sun."

The true tribute to *Rhapsody* is that one does not leave thinking what on earth will they do with it after Baryshnikov has gone? Although no other dancer will be able to execute all his cadenzas of flight, the Royal still has a good addition to its repertory. *Rhapsody* is valuable for the members of the corps because they must stretch into an expansive, lyrical style while dancing complicated steps. The ballerina part is lightly glamorous, but it requires a whipping allegro technique. Ashton, as usual, has thought of the company as well as the star.

He has been associated with the Royal Ballet almost since its beginning in 1931 and has created dozens of works for it, including *Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloe, La Fille Mal Gardée* and *A Month in the Country*. In this century there has been only one comparable partnership, George Balanchine's with the New York City Ballet. Since Ashton's rather premature retirement as director in 1970, the Royal has lacked direction and has had difficulty developing young stars. It would be good if he worked with the company more often. After last week's premiere, Ashton commented that nowadays something special is required "to set one off." *Rhapsody* owes its existence in part to Baryshnikov ("It was thrilling, really. I have never worked with anyone who has such a brilliant technique"). But Ashton has nothing else planned now: "I could do the *Blue Danube* tomorrow. I have the craft. But to do another ballet, I want a strong pulse, an idea or very suitable music. That sets me off." —*By Martha Duffy*

Mikhail Baryshnikov in *Rhapsody*

The command of a god, a shrug like Puck.

Just a Cowboy Making Love

LYNDON: AN ORAL BIOGRAPHY *by Merle Miller; Putnam; 645 pages; $17.95*

Merle Miller is a novelist, journalist and author of the 1974 bestseller, *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman*. What is an oral biography? Essentially, it is a dramatic device to present a subject through an arrangement of quotations threshed from hundreds of interviews. The result is documentary folklore in which the leading character—usually described as larger than life—does not stop growing simply because he is dead. Miller's Truman emerged as the most uncommon common man ever to say s.o.b. in the White House. Until, of course, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Lyndon Johnson as Vice President, 1961: an all-fours assault and a verbal barrage

L.B.J. was, by all accounts, one of the most physically exuberant occupants of the Oval Office. He could sit a visitor down for a morning-long rundown on the intellectual capacity and personal habits of every member of the Senate. He had a grand way of picking his nose, scratching himself and eating food off other people's plates. When the Pope had difficulty opening a present that Johnson handed him, L.B.J. whipped a jackknife from his pocket and cut the string. He hated knots, especially when tied with red tape. In his impatience to get things done, he browbeat and literally manhandled associates. Hubert Humphrey recalled having been kicked in the shins affectionately but painfully. The Texas hill-country rancher would prod men as well as cattle. Yet, said Humphrey, "many people looked upon him as a heavyhanded man. That was not really true. He was sort of like a cowboy making love."

This was all part of the famous "Johnson treatment": an all-fours assault accompanied by a nonstop verbal barrage. Ben Bradlee, executive editor of the Washington *Post*, remembers: "One hand was shaking your hand; the other hand was some place else, exploring you, examining you . . . He'd be feeling up Katharine Graham and bumping Meg Greenfield on the boobs. And at the same time he'd be trying to persuade you of something."

Stories about Johnson's coarse manners could ruffle the pages of Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. The wildest is repeated by Coates Redmon, a Washington journalist and widow of Hayes Redmon, a member of Johnson's White House staff: "One day Bill [Moyers] telephoned him [Hayes] to come quick to the President's bedroom. I think Lynda Bird was in there, and Mrs. Johnson, and Marie Fehmer was taking dictation. The President was lying on his side in his bed and facing the group. There was a nurse on the other side, the three television sets were all going, and he was going snap, snap, snap. He's batting dictation to Marie, he's switching the channels, he's yelling at Bill—and I think there were others there, someone from one of the networks and another from the White House staff—and he's yelling at them too. And everybody in this fairly large group was acting normal as all get out. And Hayes said that he started to walk around a little, because he couldn't figure out what the nurse was doing there. Bill said, 'Can't you see?' Hayes said, 'No, I can't see anything.' But little by little it *was* getting apparent, and Bill whispered to him, 'Well, you wanted a good one, you got a good one—he's having an enema.' " Authority implemented with scatology was natural to Johnson's agrarian traditions of rough paternalism. He got things done through personal contacts; he knew everybody and their skeletons. As the young secretary to Texas Congressman Richard Kleberg, he persuaded Western Union boys to leak him telegrams announcing federal projects. Johnson then released the news first, under his own name. As a New Deal Congressman, he was a favorite of F.D.R.'s. As Senator Johnson, leader of the majority, he ruled at the center of a web woven of short hairs. His knowledge of what people wanted, what they had to hide and what they were willing to give made him the Great Conciliator.

Riding at the L.B.J. Ranch in 1960

Ruffling the pages of Rabelais.

Much has been written about Johnson's decision to relinquish his powerful majority leadership to run as John F. Kennedy's vice-presidential candidate. There was a health reason: L.B.J. had suffered a heart attack in 1955 and needed a less taxing job. But Johnson also foresaw the end of his senatorial strength. Explains Moyers, a future presidential assistant: "If a Democrat got the nomination and won the election, then that Democrat was going to be Mr. Democrat in the nation. Not Lyndon Johnson . . . On the other hand, if Nixon were President—partisan, narrow, an infighter, a vehement man, not given to collaboration . . . Johnson knew that his relationship with the White House was over."

Vice President Johnson's ties to the Kennedy White House were strained. Bobby and others on J.F.K.'s staff dismissed him as "Uncle Corn Pone." There

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Books

is much evidence, however, that John Kennedy sincerely liked Lyndon and went out of his way to stroke his ego. There were, for example, those raucous fact-finding trips through Asia and India during which Johnson spurned State Department advice to avoid shaking hands with the unwashed masses. Nothing released his old progressive juices better than a crowd of impoverished farmers waiting for the word.

The cheering stopped in 1963. As the accidental President, L.B.J. found himself with a liberal apparatus long on promise and short on action. Says Liz Carpenter, then press secretary to Lady Bird: "Kennedy inspired . . . Johnson delivered."

Nothing in this sweeping account alters history's preliminary judgment. L.B.J.'s domestic record on health care and civil rights is outstanding; his foreign policy tragic. Viet Nam defied a political solution as he understood the term. "I think he wrongly thought that the same assumptions prevailed there that prevailed here," says Moyers. "He'd say, 'My God, I've offered Ho Chi Minh $100 million to build a Mekong Valley. If that'd been George Meany he'd have snapped at it!' "

Merle Miller

Memory is a gentleman's gentleman

Miller's corral full of voices is spacious enough to accommodate Johnson's personal weaknesses. But the superficial treatment of the Bobby Baker scandal, the relationship between the Johnsons' business interests and the FCC and the Tonkin Gulf deception lets L.B.J. off the hook. Miller also fails to reflect strongly enough the extent of the damage caused by Johnson's Viet Nam policy. Eulogistic gloss tends to soften some of the harder truths. Perhaps this is the nature of oral biography. At one point the author notes that "memory is a gentleman." True. But when memory serves legend more than history, it becomes a gentleman's gentleman.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

False Friend

THE NOBEL PRIZE
by Yuri Krotkov
Translated by Linda Aldwinckle
Simon & Schuster; 348 pages; $12.95

When Yuri Krotkov defected to the West in 1963, carrying a microfilmed manuscript detailing his experiences as a Soviet secret police agent, he might have chosen a new career as a writer of thrillers. Certainly he had enough material in hand. One of his first assignments for the KGB involved informing on boyhood friends. Later he specialized in the sexual entrapment of foreigners. His job was to introduce ambassadors and attachés to beautiful Soviet women, known as "swallows" in secret police parlance. Once a diplomat was caught nesting with a swallow, there followed a blackmail attempt and—the KGB hoped—recruitment of the victim as a Soviet agent.

Yet Krotkov seems uninterested in writing conventional thrillers. Instead, he has produced *The Nobel Prize*, a spy story of a different kind, about Boris Pasternak. According to the dust jacket, which does not mention Krotkov's secret police background, the author enjoyed "a close personal friendship with the Pasternak family." Though such a friendship between a KGB agent and Russia's great 20th century poet seems unlikely, Krotkov was indeed a frequent visitor to the home of Pasternak after he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1958.

The plot turns on actual events, beginning with the Nobel award. The Soviet authorities had been outraged by the publication abroad of Pasternak's novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, which they had banned as anti-Soviet. When the prize was announced, they launched a vast campaign of vilification against the author.

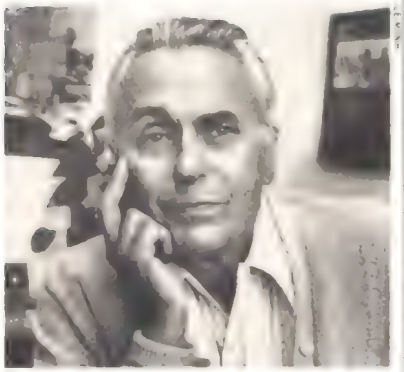
Pasternak cabled his acceptance of the award saying "infinitely grateful, touched, proud, surprised, overwhelmed." Six days later he declined it "in view of the meaning given the award by the society in which I live." He then wrote a letter to Nikita Khrushchev pleading not to be expelled from the U.S.S.R. In spite of these and other concessions, the attacks against him scarcely subsided, and he died in disgrace in 1960 at the age of 70.

Building on these facts, Krotkov has strained for verisimilitude. There are knowing touches of trivia: a mention of the poet's favorite felt slippers, the real names of his dogs. Bits of Pasternak's works and quotes from the Soviet campaign against him are cited with precision. Only the essence of the book is false. Krotkov's defection from the U.S.S.R. seems hardly to have been for ideological reasons, nor does he sympathize with the poet's struggles. For his portrait of Pasternak immeasurably coarsens him while

it diminishes his martyrdom. In addition, it has reduced him to the image purveyed by Soviet propaganda.

Pasternak is made to inveigh against capitalism, under which "every man must be prepared to commit any crime for the sake of money." In the U.S.S.R., on the other hand, "the Bolsheviks are reshaping human nature, directing man toward a better future." Metamorphosed into a true Soviet patriot and Communist, the fictional Pasternak has little trouble turning down the Nobel Prize: "What if I really am just a puppet in the hands of the imperialists?" In any case, he concludes, the prize was "not worth having."

Krotkov's book even demeans one of the most celebrated love stories of modern literary history. Olga Ivinskaya, Pasternak's model for Lara in *Doctor Zhivago*, had been the poet's companion and secretary for 14 years. Now 68 years old and living in Moscow, Ivinskaya has survived two terms in concentration camps



Yuri Krotkov

He was straining for verisimilitude.

for her association with the poet.

To judge by this book, Ivinskaya's fate was well deserved. As Krotkov tells it, she was responsible for *Doctor Zhivago's* publication abroad, thus causing all the troubles. Pasternak is said to have repudiated her when she supposedly pocketed some of the novel's foreign royalties. That allegation corresponds to the line taken by the Soviets in 1960 to justify the eight-year sentence meted out to Ivinskaya, who was convicted on a trumped-up charge of speculating in foreign currency.

Actually, as Pasternak's frantic letters to friends abroad show, his greatest fear during the terror-filled months following the Nobel award was for Ivinskaya. "She and her children are a kind of hostage for me," he wrote. In large part, his refusal of the Nobel Prize and his other concessions had been attempts to save her. Shortly before his death, he managed to send a letter to the West saying: "If, God forbid, they should arrest Olga, all tocsins should ring, just as would have been done in my own case, for an attack on her is in fact a blow at me." Twenty years later the blows are still falling on Olga —and on Pasternak. —*By Patricia Blake*

Resistance

SOLDIERS OF THE NIGHT
by David Schoenbrun
Dutton; 512 pages; $15.95

French society never showed its character more clearly than in the Resistance movements of World War II. Gallantry and resolute opposition to the German invaders were part of the display; incurable factionalism was another part. At the time of the liberation of Paris in 1944, for instance, separate and competitive Resistance groups, including blocs loyal to De Gaulle and to the Communists, were operating within the city. The squabbling and anarchical governments that misruled France before and after the war were blood cousins to the contentious and political Resistance apparatus, with one difference: the Resistance was a success.

That was little short of miraculous. As this lively history recounts, the Resistance began as many hundreds of separate, desperate decisions by men and women whose circumstances varied widely. Mutual opposition to the Germans was never sufficient reason for leaders from the extreme left and extreme right to set aside traditional class hatred. The arrogant assumption of authority from the distance of London by the little-known Charles de Gaulle was a complicating factor that served to divide as often as it unified

David Schoenbrun, a former CBS bureau chief in Paris, met De Gaulle and other Resistance figures during the war, when he was a young U.S. military intelligence officer. He has interviewed the surviving intelligence leaders, among the most notable of whom is Marie-Madeleine Fourcade, who, as Hedgehog, ran the menagerie of animal-named agents known to the Gestapo as Noah's Ark. Schoenbrun threads expertly through the bewildering tangle of alliances and hostilities that is the history of the Resistance. He is particularly skilled at portraiture, notably the grand, absurd, indomitable figure of De Gaulle, at one point trying to rewrite General Eisenhower's D-day speech; at another point refusing to fly in an American bomber until it was repainted with French colors; and finally insisting that a French car, not a U.S. Jeep, be found to carry him into liberated Paris. Clearly the author admires the French and their great hero with all of his nationalistic absurdities. But Schoenbrun's *pièce de Résistance* never allows affection to stand in the way of appraisal. "De Gaulle," he writes, "understood that the imperial world was dead. But he fell just short of understanding that France, alone, was no longer a world power. He did not fully see how the world had changed." Paradoxically, it was the Resistance that accelerated the change. —*By John Skow*

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The Decline and Fall of Oratory

Everett Dirksen

Martin Luther King Jr.

Winston Churchill

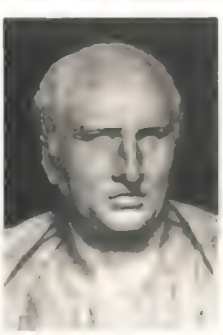
Tennessee's Governor Frank Clement, the most distinguished graduate of Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems' School of Expression in Nashville, rose up before the 1956 Democratic Convention and demonstrated a dying art. His keynote address that night beside the Chicago stockyards was a symphony of rhetorical excess, a masterpiece of alliteration and allusion, an epic of the smite-'em style of oratorical Americana.

"How long, O how long, America!" cried Clement, in a grandiloquent filch from Cicero's First Catiline Oration. "How long, O America, shall these things endure?" In Dwight Eisenhower's foreign policy, Clement declaimed, "Foster [Dulles] fiddles, frets, fritters and flits." Richard Nixon was "the vice–hatchet man slinging slander and spreading half-truths while the top man peers down the green fairways of indifference." To farmers, the gusty Tennessean pleaded: "Come on home . . . Your lands are studded with the white skulls and crossbones of broken Republican promises."

The Republican Party in those days was not entirely speechless either. Connoisseurs of the genre remember the sublimely fogbound organ tones of Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen. In his early career, writes Biographer Neil MacNeil, Dirksen "bellowed his speeches in a mongrel mix of grand opera and hog calling." Over the years, he developed a style of infinitely subtle fustian, whose effect can still be remotely approximated by sipping twelve-year-old bourbon, straight, while reading Dickens aloud, in a sort of sepulchral purr. Would he criticize an erring colleague? someone would ask. "I shall invoke upon him every condign imprecation," Dirksen would intone, with a quiver of his basset's jowls and the gold-gray ringlets of his hair.

Dirksen's oratory succeeded in part because it functioned simultaneously as a satire upon oratory, in somewhat the way that Mae West has always been a walking satire upon sex. But all of Dirksen's splendor, with his rapscallion rhapsodies and hints of the mountebank, could not conceal a small truth about what lay ahead for the ancient discipline of rhetoric: an art that wanes into self-mockery is dying.

Today, oratory seems in serious, possibly terminal, decline. Americans rummaging in their memories for the last great speech they heard—great in content and delivery—often find that they must fetch back at least to 1963, to Martin Luther King Jr.'s soaring, preacherly performance during the March on Washington. Some think of John Kennedy's Inaugural Address; yet as the '60s wore on, the go-anywhere-pay-any-price rhetoric of that bright January day on the New Frontier began to seem not only suspect but even a symptom of the emptiness of eloquence and the woes that fancy talk can lead a country into. Some, with even longer memories, mention Churchill in Fulton, Mo., in 1946 ("An iron curtain has descended . . .") or F.D.R.'s first Inaugural ("The only thing we have to fear is fear itself").


Cicero

Eloquence, of course, is a matter of political taste. Conservatives may rank Ronald Reagan's acceptance speech last month only a little short of Edmund Burke. Liberals might poignantly remember Edward Kennedy's speech to the 1972 Democratic Convention the night that George McGovern was nominated. Neoconservatives with a taste for the mystagogic might wheel out Alexander Solzhenitsyn's "decline of the West" speech at Harvard two years ago. But of course that was delivered in Russian, and therefore flowed a little outside the American rhetorical mainstream.

Heroic eloquence has made more difference in the world than Westerners are now comfortable in admitting. That eloquence, like science, can do great evil is a truth this century acquired the hard way. Hitler's ranting persuasions worked enough disastrous black magic to send his audience pouring out of the stadium to conquer the world; Churchill's answering eloquence quite literally, physically, pushed back the Reich. In each case, the spoken words alone, the voice, worked with an eerie, preternatural force. Perhaps in some instinctive recoil from its demonstrated, primitive powers, Westerners today have learned to treat eloquence as either an amiable curio or a mild embarrassment. American TV audiences this summer see eloquence perfectly domesticated and trivialized in an A.1 Steak Sauce commercial in which a bowler, feigning slightly lunatic oratorical inspiration, demands: "My friends, what *is* hamburger?" In a culture that increasingly demands technical or bureaucratic solutions, passionate oratory seems a kind of gaudy irrelevance. It also, rather curiously, makes people uncomfortable. Lord Shinwell, a former British Labor Minister, remarks: "If Churchill came down to the Commons today to call for blood, sweat and tears, many of his listeners would probably titter or look plain embarrassed."

What has happened to eloquence, to the art of speechmaking? The greatest single factor in its decline has been television. The intrusion of TV cameras into almost every significant public meeting in the U.S. has vastly extended the range of speakers' voices, but also changed the nature of what they are doing. A play performed on the legitimate stage but carried by TV somehow always seems dislocated and obscurely fraudulent. The politician addressing a large rally in a speech that is being televised has two audiences, the one in the hall and the one at home. He works simultaneously in two media, an extraordinarily difficult trick. TV has an intimate and pitiless eye that can make any exuberantly talented stump speaker look like a sweating and psychotic blowhard.

Before his G.O.P. keynote speech in Detroit last month, Congressman Guy Vander Jagt thought that the dual-medium problem was like "having one bullet and having to shoot north and south at the same time." During his long campaign this year, Ted Kennedy often seemed on television to be bulging and strident, too angry, radiating heat; the same performance in the hall usually seemed to come off rather well. Eventually, Kennedy began injecting into his thundering utterances a little of the self-satirizing gaiety that Dirksen used.

Ronald Reagan, of all the candidates this year, best understands TV's intimate eye; he neither shouts nor gesticulates. Reagan owes his entire career to his talent for persuasion; his long years on television gave him just the right media reflexes for the age. Jimmy

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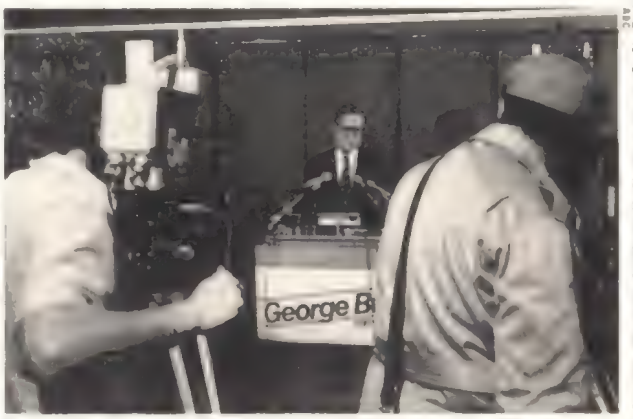
Carter also possesses a shrewdly understated television style. A Carter speech that seems pale and weak in person comes through coaxial cables giving off just the right small personal glow.

The procedures of television news reporting have very nearly dismantled what is left of oratorical integrity. TV news producers have in effect become the editors of American speeches. The ancient disciplines of rhetoric suffer disastrously as they are trimmed to the electronic purpose. A politician's handlers try to schedule an event for some time around 2 or 3 p.m. to sluice neatly into Cronkite. Instead of constructing a speech on the old Ciceronian blueprint (exordium, argument, refutation, peroration and so on) or even on a less classical pattern (beginning, middle and end would do) the politician contrives a speaking performance that contains a few key and newsy sentences in oratorical neon to make the networks. As J.F.K. Aide William Haddad says, "A lot of writers figure out how they are going to get the part they want onto TV. They think of a news lead and write around it. And if the TV lights don't go on as the speaker is approaching that news lead, he skips a few paragraphs and waits until they are lit to read the key part. This does not make for a coherent, flowing speech." During the 1976 campaign, says Political Scientist James David Barber, Jimmy Carter made a useful discovery: "He put all his pauses in the middle of his sentences, and as he neared the period, he would speed up and pass it until the middle of the next sentence. He got more TV time because it was pretty hard for TV editors to chop him in midsentence."

Because of television's fragmenting procedures, it is hardly worth a politician's time to treat his speeches as works of art. Mark Twain said it took him three weeks to prepare a good impromptu speech, but few speakers rehearse their lines any more; Vander Jagt, who polished his keynote speech by orating at the squirrels and pine trees near his Luther, Mich., home, is an exception in his zeal.

Speeches simply no longer pulse as they once did at the center of political and cultural life. Once they were prized as entertainment. Today armies of business leaders, writers, politicians, actors and other celebrities are riding the lecture circuit, and yet they remain peripheral. Movies, then radio and television over the past several generations, have reduced oratory to the status almost of quaintness.



George Bush speaking in Illinois before G.O.P. primary last March

By beaming important speeches to the whole nation, TV has also ensured that most politicians and their committees of advisers will orchestrate all oratory to offend the least number of voters. William Jennings Bryan, whose 1896 "cross of gold" speech was one of the last to get Americans out of a chair and make them do something (they gave him the Democratic nomination on the spot), once described eloquence as "thought on fire." Today, in an age of single-issue politics, the ambitious are careful to see that they do not get burned. Says NBC-TV's Edwin Newman: "Advertising, public relations and polling techniques create attitudes that are designed to appeal to a large number of people. These attitudes tend to flatten out a speech." Political speeches may soon be written by computers: pretested paragraphs are tried out on people for reactions, then fed into a computer along with the speaker's philosophy, and out comes a speech. Audiences now wince wearily at the cute and canned self-deprecatory jokes that federal bureaucrats invariably tell when they go out of town to give a speech. Sample: "You know, the three lies most often told are 'I'll still love you in the morning,' 'The check is in the mail,' and 'I'm from Washington and I'm here to help you.' " Bureaucrats today invariably fall short of Gladstone, who once kept the House of Commons enthralled for more than three hours with a speech on the 1853 budget.

In America at least, a tradition of high rhetoric has always competed with a sentimental worship of the inarticulate. In 1939's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, the sleekly senatorial Claude Rains attempts to conceal his corruption behind an impressive tapestry of rhetoric. But Jimmy Stewart, barely able to complete a sentence, engagingly stumbling over his words, wins out because his sheer radiant American virtue shines through the manipulative deceits inherent in language. It is possible that Adlai Stevenson lost the presidency twice in part because he spoke a little too well. This theme returned passionately in the countercultural '60s, when inarticulate sincerity seemed the answer to the state's mendacities. Some preached that imperialism, racism and sexism are deeply embedded in the language—a fact that, if true, would tend to discredit eloquence, to make it futile and wrong from the start.

Somehow, few speakers today make oratory seem the urgent and necessary approach to the world that it once was. Eloquence implies certitude. "Hear, O Israel," said Moses, his voice reverberating with authority well beyond his own. It is not a posture much adopted now when such previously safe topics as the family, progress and the future become problematic. (Reagan's acceptance speech rejected doubts about progress, the family and the future, which may explain why the speech worked as oratory.) Eloquence implies premeditation in an age that has made a virtue of spontaneity. It implies (at its historical best) a public consciousness of serious issues in an age that in a profound way prefers gossip. "The personality of the orator outweighs the issues," observes John Leopold, professor of classical rhetoric at the University of California at Berkeley. A psychologically intimate age does not trust issues, but rather impulses: a man would say anything, after all, to get elected, but what is his mental weather? What makes the finger near the button twitch?

Rhetoric—"Mere rhetoric"; "Oh, that's just rhetoric!"—is not taught widely any more. In its Greco-Roman golden age, rhetoric was the key to civilized persuasion, and therefore to society itself. The Greek apparatus of rhetoric is a brilliantly elaborate armamentarium of speechmakers' devices—synecdoche, syllepsis, symploce and so on. Almost from the beginning, the power of rhetoric troubled even those who were best at wielding it. Wrote Cicero: "I have thought long and often over the problem of whether the power of speaking and the study of eloquence have brought more good or harm to cities."

As Cicero knew, it depends. Rhetoric has started wars and stopped them. The eloquence of Bernard of Clairvaux dispatched tens of thousands on the catastrophic Second Crusade. Mindless oratory has also caused untold brain damage to audiences over the centuries. The outpouring of verbiage continues. As the political season ramshackles through the summer, the landscape is dense with BOMFOG (an acronym used by political reporters to designate one of the late Nelson Rockefeller's favorite oratorical clichés: Brotherhood of Man under the Fatherhood of God). Americans may sometimes wistfully miss a better quality of oratory. They might grow even more wistful if they reflected on the Japanese, who regard eloquence as a potential threat to their stability-through-consensus. *Haragei*, their ultimate form of communication, can only be envied in the week of a convention. It consists of making oneself understood with silence.

—By Lance Morrow

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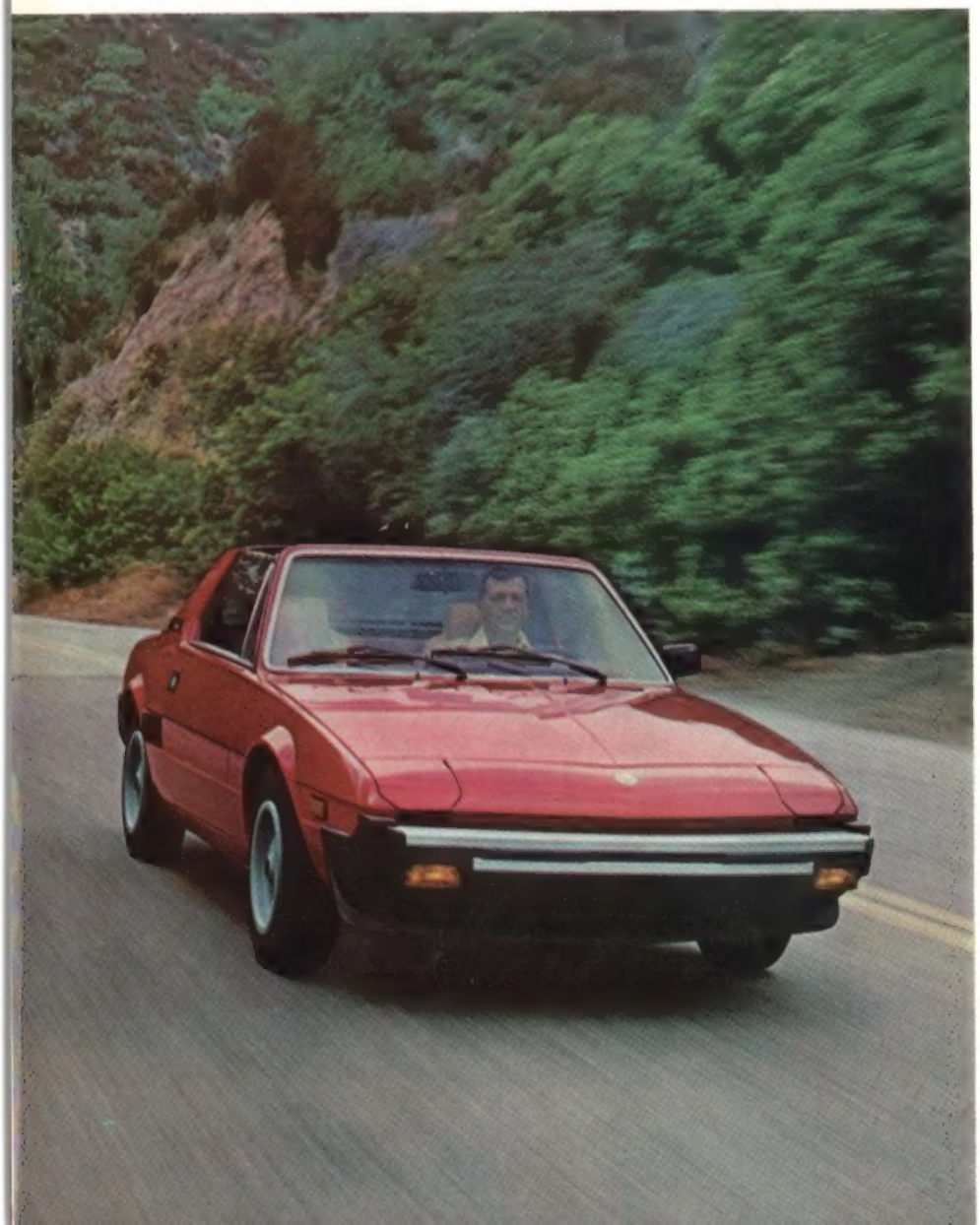

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